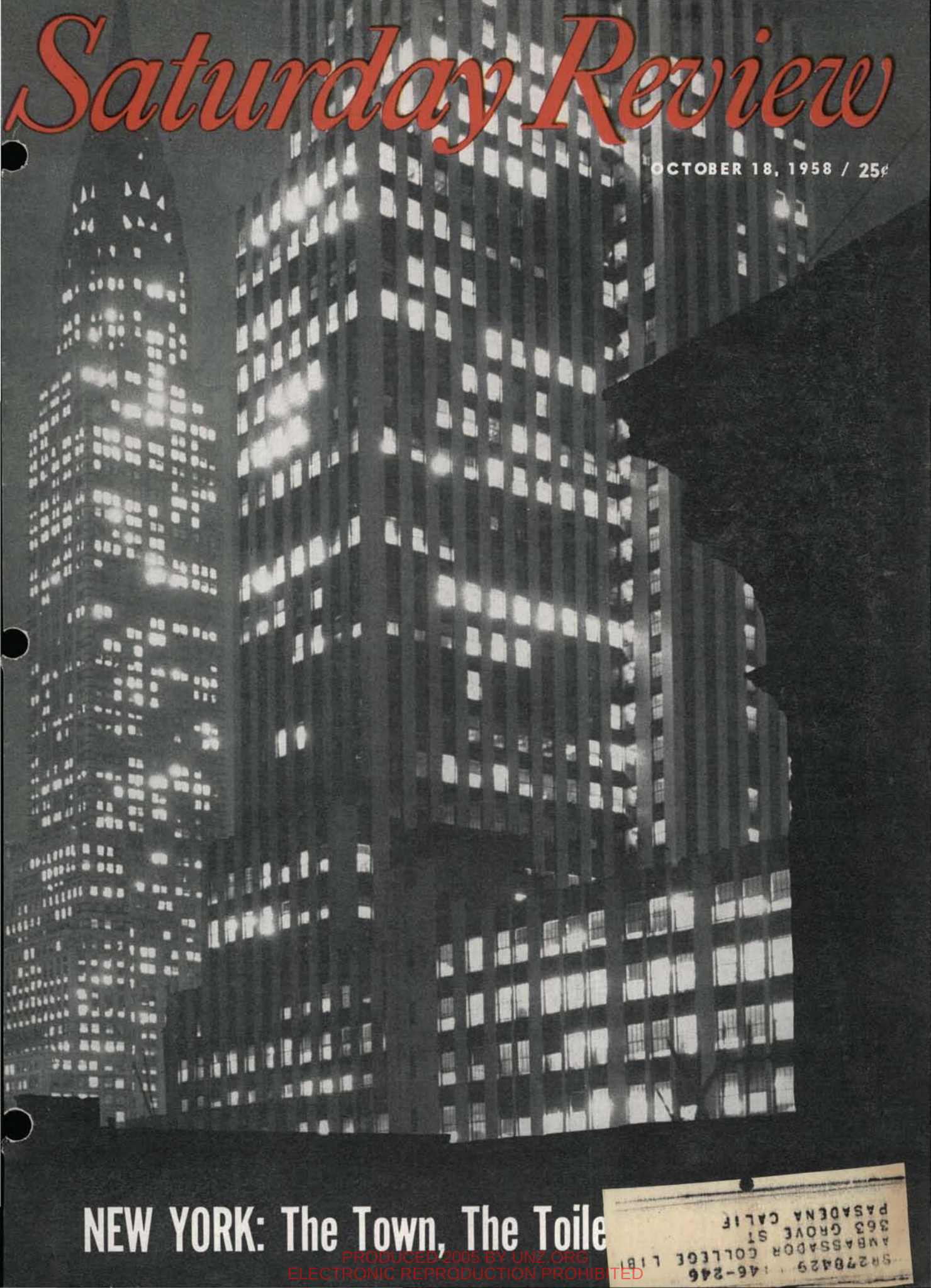

Saturday Review

OCTOBER 18, 1958 / 25¢

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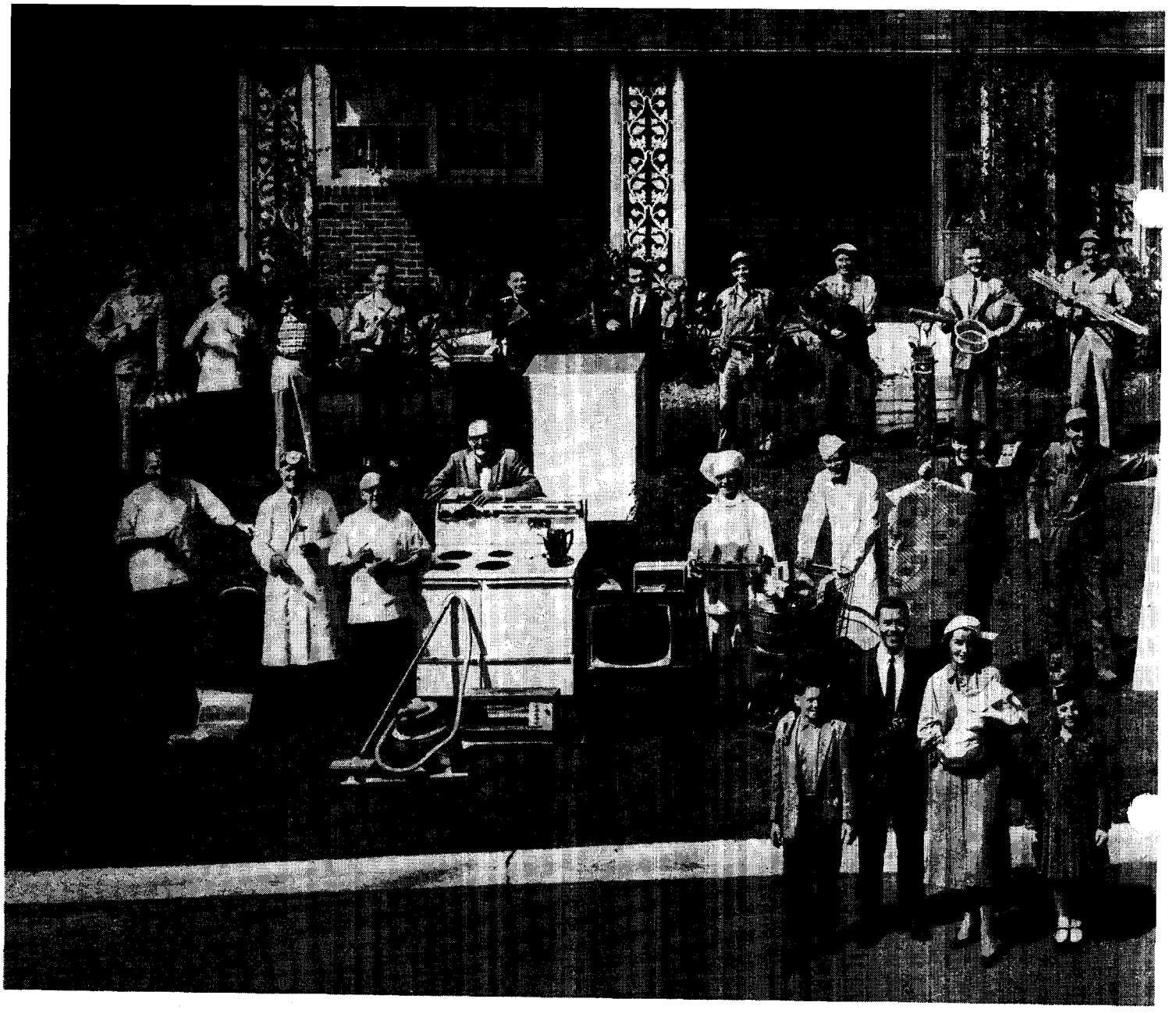

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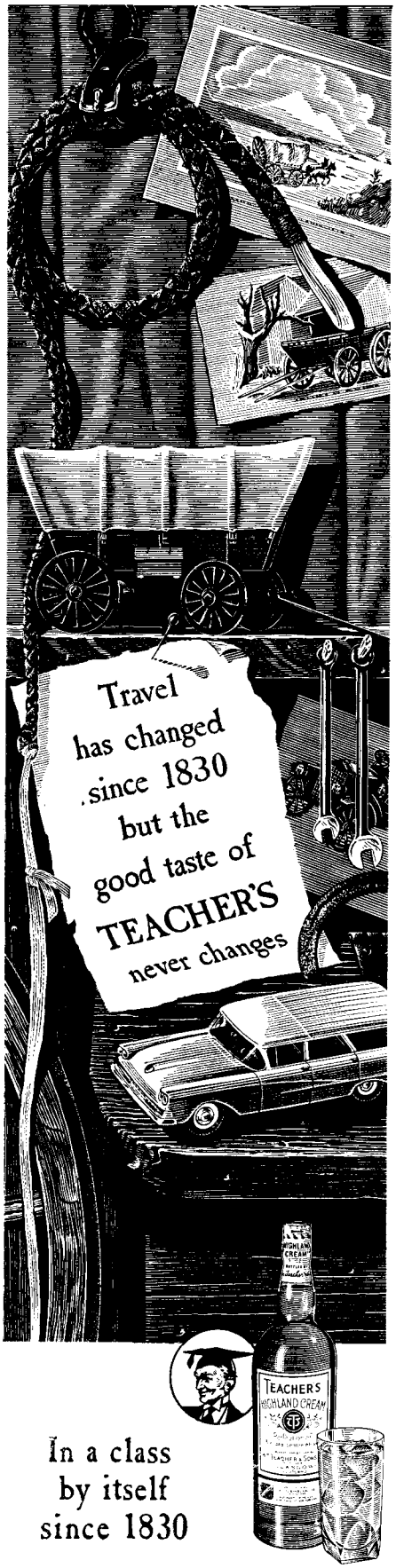

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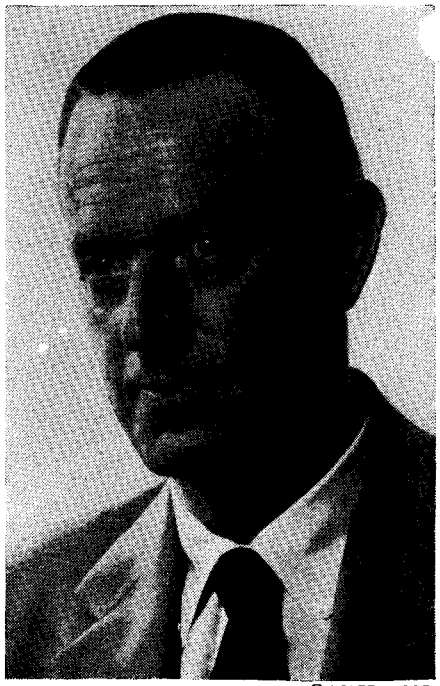
The man who reads dictionaries



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ERSKINE CALDWELL, writer, probably best known for the best-selling work of fiction in the history of published books, *God's Little Acre*, says:

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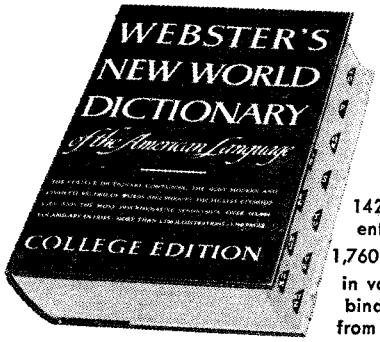

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THE PHOENIX NEST

Hicks and Pix

Edited by Martin Levin

"WHO'S ON THE DAIS?"

SOME months ago I visited the offices of a famous comedian and I saw at least fifty steel cabinets full of three-by-five cards, and on each card a "joke" typed in triple-space. A week later I read the *Saturday Review* article on "The Decline of American Humor," and this, despite the fact that one fellow alone had some 35,000 jokes, each with the punch-line carefully underlined. And so the time had come for me to laugh out loud, somewhat immodestly, I am afraid.

Because what has really happened to American humor is that half the folks have been hanging on to those three-by-five cards, while the other half have been waiting for vaudeville to come back so they can tell their racial, ethnic, and rural jokes. And in the process we have missed one of the most wonderful of all changes in the social structure of our country: the meeting of the second generation of European immigrants on equal terms with the first generation of "immigrants" from the farm houses and mountain cabins of our country, in the burgeoning of the great American middle class. You can no longer tell a dialect joke when the fellow is actually sending his daughter to Wellesley; and neither can you tell a "hick" story when that fellow is sitting on the platform as program chairman of the Lions' Club.

And so when I write that the Jews of the South are forever looking for a tall, blue-eyed, blond rabbi I am no longer telling an "ethnic" or racial joke. I receive overwhelming evidence to the contrary almost immediately. Thousands of elders, stewards, and deacons of the other religious fellowships claim identity at once, and I might add, again somewhat immodestly, they claim hilarious identity. Because at their own meetings one member always argues in favor of a new minister on the ground that the fellow looks especially good in a hammer-claw coat.

Thus it may be said that American humor owes it to American society to refocus from "Who's On First?" to "Who's Sitting On the Dais?" As a matter of fact, time is running cut, because this failure to keep a humorous eye on the dais has already cost some of our great men their own sense of humor (Admiral Rickover, for instance). Things have gotten so sadly out of hand that now the mark of real status is *not* to sit on the dais, but to hide yourself way in the back, preferably behind a post. It's gotten so the folks can't even content themselves with muttering "What's *he* doing up there?" Instead they have to crane their necks around that post and ask, "Why isn't *Sam* up there?"

—HARRY GOLDEN.

• • •

TEST-TUBE BABIES

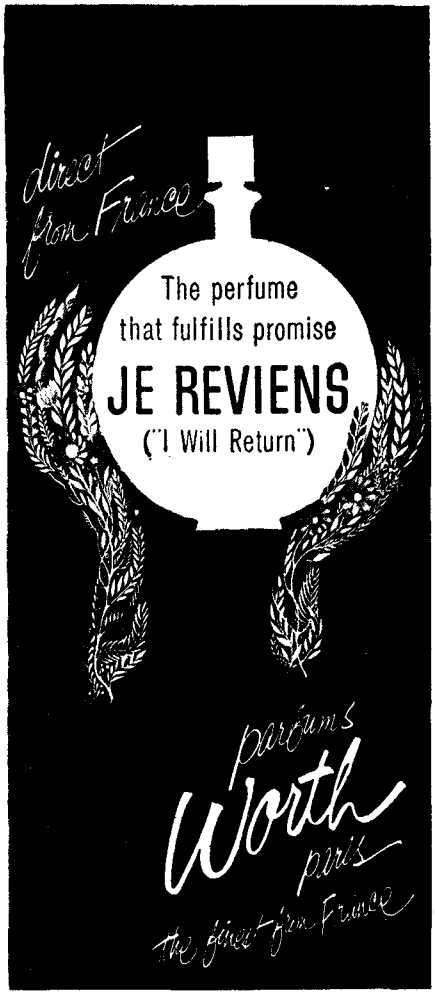
NOW even he who professes miscogeny
Can have progeny.

—RICHARD MALKIN.

• • •

AND ONE HUNDRED YEARS FROM TODAY. . . .

Inside Education: The New York Board of Regents warned today that students found absent from their home screens during school hours will be called down to the office of the station manager. . . . The Late Late School is running Floyd Zulli lectures this week. Next week: Frank Baxter. . . . Psych professor Al "Crazy" Wishniak has added three new writers to his stable. . . . Rumors persist that Harvard will move to the West Coast. "Our plans are not yet finalized," admitted Harvard's prexy at the offices of the William Morris Agency. "Nevertheless I can assure you that we have sufficient film footage in the can to continue the great tradition of Cambridge wherever we are." . . . A Ford Foundation sponsored tryout of "live" teaching in a classroom-in-the-round has met with mixed reactions. From students: eyestrain at making the switch from big screens to small print. From teachers: dismay at losing their residual fees, stagefright at having to ad lib for hours at a stretch. From parents: skepticism ("An orthicon tube was a good enough school for me," said one parent.) Textbooks for the experiment are being supplied by the Smithsonian Institution. —M. L.



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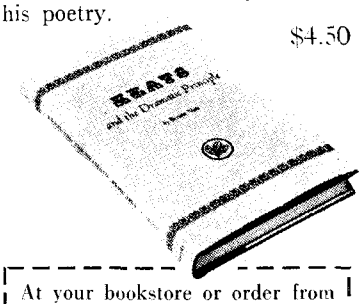

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TRADE Winds

IT IS REPORTED that a youngster, passing New York's Irving Trust Company with his father, said: "Why should we trust Irving?"

► That a new garden magazine for beginners is to be called: *Trowel and Error.*

► By Len Greenberg, of Paoli, Pennsylvania, that the Danes refused the visit of the *Nautilus* to avoid something from Groton in the state of Denmark.

► By Rick Fredericks, of New York, that several new sports cars are finding their way into the market: The Tigris-Euphrates; the Juliet-Romeo; and the Pyrrhic Victory.

► That Sonia Leventhal of McGraw-Hill introduced Jules Feiffer at a cocktail party as "Our sick, sick, sick author." But of course, Feiffer is the author of the book of just that title.

► That a violinist was asked if it were difficult to re-string his violin. His reply: "It takes guts."

► That in Weston, Connecticut, Rogues Ridge Road runs directly into Lord's Highway.

WHEN WE HEARD that David McKay was bringing out a book in a few months called "Kangaroos in the Kitchen," we couldn't think of a better way to prove this out than by dropping in on Lorrain D'Essen, deep in the heart of New York.

We found her cleaning up a few dishes in the kitchen of her brownstone, along with the help of her husband, Bernard.

Actually, there were no kangaroos in the kitchen. We could spot one, however, peeking in from the yard, and looking rather pensive. Debbie, a Great Dane, was looking up from a rather comfortable cushion, almost dwarfed by Dunne, an Old English sheepdog. Steverino, the TV greyhound, was romping playfully around Llinda Llee, a baby llama. Three Siamese cats, Jester, Cassandra, and Hassein, were parading by Lola and Joker, two of the most tearful but happy Basset hounds you've laid eyes on. Just outside the kitchen door were seven baby wolfhound puppies.

Out the kitchen window, and through the door to another room you could spot Llucky and Llinda, two full grown llamas; T-lana, a

Yorkshire terrier; Wimpy, the wombat; Emma, a crow; Amy, a lamb; three temple doves; Vierre, a macaw; Heidi, another greyhound; Peanut, a prairie dog; Banty, a baby skunk; and Lulubelle, the mutt.

The reason for all this is that the D'Essens supply animals for every possible use: theatre, motion pictures, television, photography—any type of function you might want to track down. The most impressive thing is that there is little confusion and practically no noise. Both of the D'Essens are remarkably calm and easygoing, and their demeanor has rubbed off on the animals in no uncertain terms. In spite of all the animals, the floors are spotless and the air fresh.

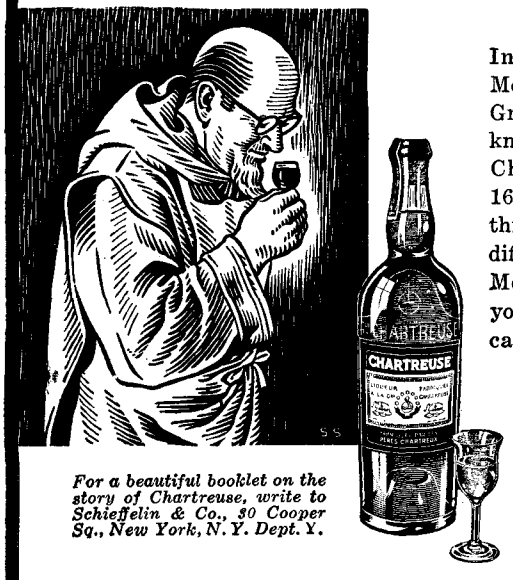
"We love animals," Lorrain said, permitting the baby llama to kiss her cheek. "Anybody can have almost any kind of animal in the city if they know how to handle them—and treat them with the respect they deserve."

As creator of Animal Talents Scouts, Inc., Mrs. D'Essen showers all her menage with equal affection. But when we left, she was combing out the baby llama's coat for the third time.

WE ARE HAPPY to report an exclusive scoop as far as Eloise of the Plaza is concerned. Dropping by Kay Thompson's workshop in the Plaza, we found her deep in the middle of a cup of tea, surrounded by Eloise Two-Legged Stockings, Eloise Bawth Towels, and Eloise Emergency Hotel Kits.

"I was *just* thinking," she said,

the **SECRET** *these Monks have kept for 353 years...*



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"just the moment before you walked in that *door*, that I should change the name of my gangling little enterprise here from 'Eloise, Ltd.' to 'Eloise, Unlimited.' In fact, that's official. As of now. As of this very moment. You have yourself a scoop."

We thanked her, and went on to discover that the origins of Eloise are rather elusive indeed. She somewhat sprang up full blown in Kay Thompson's mind as Kay was filling an engagement in the Persian Room of the Plaza; the next thing Kay knew, she had finished the book. All sorts of tykes have claimed to be the model for Eloise, but you can put them out of your mind. Eloise is pure fiction, and you can find her new appearance

between the covers of "Eloise at Christmastime," only recently arrived on the bookstalls.

Meanwhile, the byproducts of Eloise are prospering, especially the Emergency Hotel Kit. This handy package for children includes toothbrush, tooth paste, many other necessities—plus such absolute essentials as a pigeon feather, turtle food, and a block of wood to park your chewing gum on to save the management's bedstead.

Kay receives department store buyers in the confused elegance of her Plaza room, sometimes with unusual reactions.

"You've got no business being up here in this swank area," complained one out-of-town buyer. "All the rest of my accounts are on lower Broadway!"

If there is anything that Kay Thompson hates, it's the idea of money concerning her Eloise byproducts.

"I think every little girl in the country should have *all* the Eloise products," she says. "And if it weren't for these blasted manufacturers who make the things for me, I'd *give* them away!" —JOHN G. FULLER.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 1281)

(EDNA M.) ROBBINS:

ROUND THE WORLD RETIREMENT

Ceilings of this New Zealand cave are densely covered with the crescent-shaped larvae of a certain species of fly, which glow brilliantly with a blue-green light. At a quick or sharp sound the lights all go out, not to come on again for hours.

On Campus with Max Shulman

(By the Author of "Rally Round the Flag, Boys!" and, "Barefoot Boy with Cheek.")

HOW GREEN WAS MY CAMPUS

Don't tell me: I know how busy you've been! I know all the things you've had to do in the opening days of the school year—registering, paying fees, finding lodgings, entering a drag race, getting married, building a cage for your raccoon. But now with all these essentials out of the way, let us pause and join hands and take, for the first time, a long, leisurely look at our campus.

Ready? Let's go!

We begin our tour over here on this lovely stretch of greensward called The Mall. The Mall, as we all know, was named in honor of our distinguished alumnus Fred Mall, inventor of the opposing thumb. Before Mr. Mall's invention, the thumb could not be pressed or clicked against the other fingers. As a result, millions of castanet makers were out of work. Today however, thanks to Mr. Mall, one out of every three Americans is gainfully employed making castanets. (The other two make croquet wickets.) Mr. Mall is now 106 years old and living in seclusion on a sea cliff in Wellington, Kansas, but the old gentleman is far from idle. He still works twelve hours a day in his laboratory, and in the last year has invented the tuna, the cuticle, and lint.

But I digress. Let us resume our tour. At the end of The Mall we see a handsome edifice called The Library. Here books are kept. By "kept" I mean "kept." There is no way in the world for you to get a book out of the library . . . No, I'm wrong. If you have a stack permit you can take out a book, but stack permits are issued only to widows of Presidents of the United States. (That lady you see coming out of the library with a copy of *Girl of the Limberlost* is Mrs. Millard Fillmore.)

Next to The Library we see the Administration Building. Here one finds the president of the university, the deans, and the registrar. According to ancient academic usage, the president is always called "Prexy." Similarly, the deans are called "Dixie" and the registrar is called "Roxy." Professors are called "Proxy" and housemothers are called "Hoxy-Moxy." Students are called "Algae."

Diagonally across The Mall we see the Students Union. It is a gay, mad place, frankly dedicated to the fun and relaxation of we undergraduates. Here we undergraduates may enjoy ourselves in one of two ways—with filter or without. We undergraduates who prefer filters, prefer Marlboro, of course. Oh, what a piece of work is Marlboro! The filter filters, the taste is smooth but not skimpy, mild but not meagre.

We undergraduates who prefer non-filters, prefer Philip Morris, of corris. It is a natural smoke, a clean smoke, a flavorful, zestful, pure and peaceful smoke . . . Now hear this: Philip Morris and Marlboro each come in a choice of two packs—crushproof Flip-Top Box, or the familiar Soft Pack.

"...the old gentleman is far from idle..."

So now, as the setting sun casts a fiery aura over the spires and battlements of our beloved campus, let us hie ourselves to our tobacconist's and lay in a night's supply of Marlboro or Philip Morris, and then let us, lowing, wind slowly o'er the lea to our dormitories and sit upon our army surplus cots, spent but content, and smoke and dream and hark the curfew toll the knell of parting day. Aloha, fair campus, aloha!

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* * *

For a complete tour of smoking pleasure try filtered Marlboro and non-filtered Philip Morris, whose makers take pleasure in bringing you this column.

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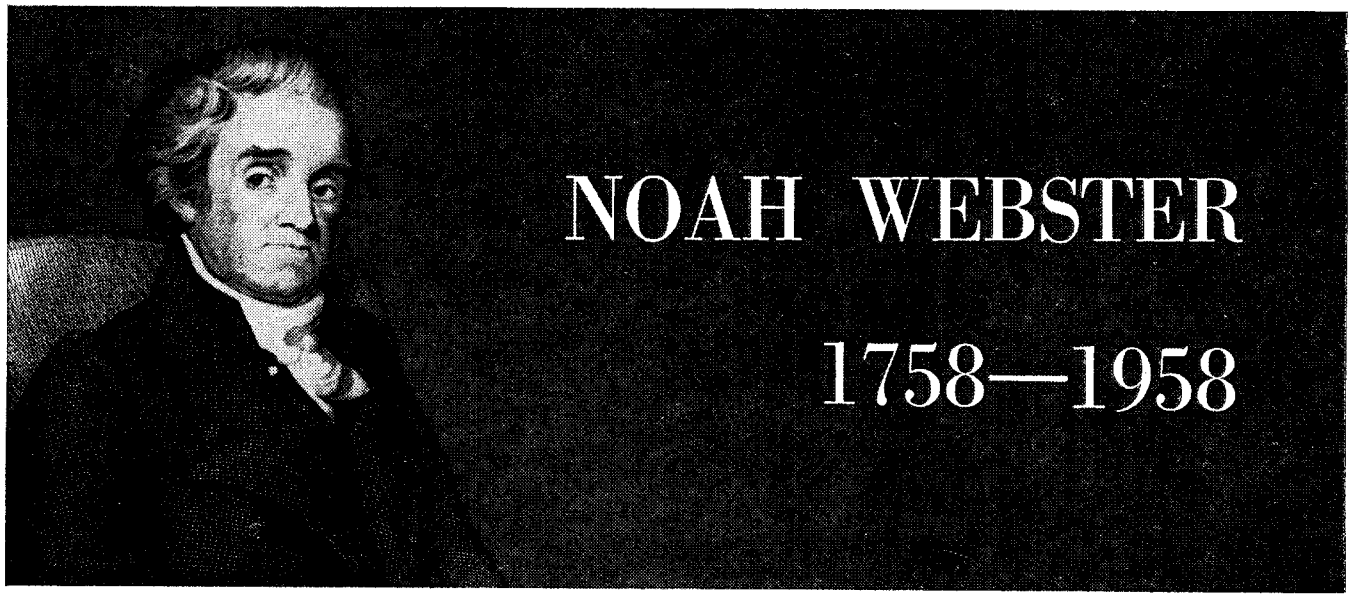
Saturday Review
OCTOBER 18, 1958



"SCHOOLMASTER TO AMERICA"

By HENRY STEELE COMMAGER

IN 1783 the United States achieved independence, and President Ezra Stiles of Yale College prophesied that the new nation, happily free of those provincial dialects that confused social and regional differences in less fortunate countries, would be bound together by a single and uniform language. At that very time a young graduate of Yale, teaching obscurely in Goshen, New York, proclaimed what was to be a cultural and linguistic Declaration of Independence. Noah Webster wanted to call his little book "The American Instructor," but the dignified President Stiles overruled him and dictated the pretentious title, "A Grammatical Institute of the English Language: Part I." It was in fact nothing more impressive than a Speller; to generations of Americans it was to be familiarly known as "Webster's Blue-Backed Speller." It caught on, at once; within a few years it all but monopolized the field; under its benign guidance generations of young Americans learned the same words, the same spellings, the same pronunciations; read the same stories; absorbed the same moral lessons.

It was all part of a larger program —a program for cultural as well as political independence from the Mother Country. "America," wrote the young pedagogue, "must be independent in literature as she is in politics"; and in the Preface of his Speller he elaborated on this notion:

> The author wishes to promote the honor and prosperity of the confederated republics of America. . . . This country must in some future time be as distinguished by the superiority of her literary improvements, as she is already by the liberality of her civil and ecclesiastical constitutions. Europe is grown old in folly, corruption and tyranny. For America in her infancy to adopt the maxims of the Old World would be to stamp the wrinkles of decrepit old age upon the bloom of youth, and to plant the seeds of decay in a vigorous constitution. American glory begins to dawn at a favourable period. . . .

It was characteristic of Webster that he should associate the dawn of American glory with the publication of his own book, and it was prophetic, too, for the connection was there, and it was soon to be notorious. In 1783 Webster had few qualifications for either education or philology, but enormous enthusiasm for both. It was a sound instinct that directed his energies into these fields, and held them there through a long life of distractions, ambitions, and conceits.

The Speller, and after it the Grammar, the Reader, and the Dictionaries, assured Webster a place among the Founding Fathers. Over the years he consolidated his position, and extended it. Indeed, wherever we look there is Noah Webster, dour, angular, and aggressive, busily fathering institutions and organizations that we now think of as characteristically American. Even in an age of Fatherhood, he was fabulously progenitive, and insistent, too, on his parental prerogatives. He was, clearly, the Father of the American language, and he was certainly one of the Fathers of American education. If we turn to that group of statesmen who made the Constitution, there is Webster, holding aloft his "Sketches of American Policy," and determined to be numbered among the Founding Fathers. He presents himself no less insistently as one of the Fathers of American political thought, for in voluminous pages he told Hamilton how to run parties, lectured Madison on the Presidency, and instructed Jefferson on the nature of democracy. If we look to journalism, there is Webster, editor of the *American* Magazine, of the *Minerva* and the *Herald*, and all ready to toss off a history of American journalism.

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If we consider science there, too, is Webster, edging up to Dr. Franklin and Dr. Rush and Dr. Rittenhouse, hopefully proffering his two-volume "History of Epidemics," and with sheafs of scientific articles bulging in his coat pockets. He is surely the Father of Copyright; he has some claim to be the Father of the Census. What with his school histories, and his edition (or was it his?) of Winthrop's Journal, he is one of the Fathers of American history; and his many essays on banking, finance, and insurance support his claim to be a Father of American Economics as well. And finally his singlehanded revision of the Bible—he thought it his greatest work—permits us to call him one of the Fathers of the Church!

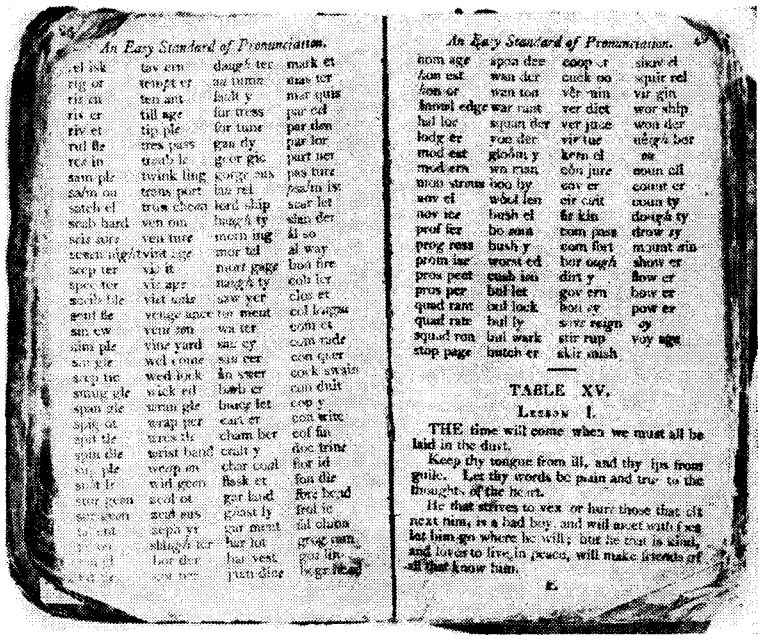
EVEN in an age of versatility, it is an astonishing versatility. And yet it does not quite ring true. The versatility of a Franklin, a Jefferson, a Bentley, a Rush, a Rumford is the spontaneous expression of a complex personality and an affluent and extravagant nature. But with Webster versatility seems to be the expression, rather, of nagging ambition, grim determination, and indefatigable officiousness, and perhaps of vanity as well. He was determined to make his mark; he was not going to be left out; and he was confident that whatever he touched he improved.

For all his wide and varied interests, he did not have a richly-stored mind; for all his vitality he did not have an open mind; narrow, cold, almost passionless, he was wholly lacking in those grace-notes his great contemporaries added to their scores with such ease. He read everything, but in order to get definitions for his dictionary; he taught music, but revealed not the slightest interest in the musical giants of his own time; he studied history, but only to learn that man is vile. He knew the languages of twenty nations, but was interested in none of these; he visited France only to deplore its licentiousness; he visited Cambridge, only to remark on the inferiority of its architecture. He was devout, but curiously untouched by religious sentiment. Religion was to him a kind of muscular exercise in moralizing; he was ready to drop his closest friend, Joel Barlow, because he found his poetry godless; and he thought the Bible would be improved by expunging the word "womb." He was zealous for education, but had little faith in the young, and thought voting should be restricted to those over forty-five. His reason for founding Amherst College was chiefly to confound and

From the First Edition of the Speller (1783)

• • *"To attack deep rooted prejudices and oppose the current of opinion, is a task of great difficulty and hazard. It commonly requires length of time and favorable circumstances to diffuse and establish a sentiment among the body of people; but when a sentiment has acquired the stamp of time and the authority of general custom, it is too firm to be shaken by the efforts of an individual: Even errour becomes too sacred to be violated by the assaults of innovation.*

"But the present period is an aera of wonders: Greater changes have been wrought, in the minds of men, in the short compass of eight years past, than are commonly effected in a century."



An Easy Standard of Pronunciation.

el isk	tav ern	daugh ter	mark et
rig or	tenant cy	au tumn	mas ter
riv al	ten ant	fault y	mar ques
riv er	till age	fur ness	par ed
riv et	tip ple	fur nace	par den
rod ds	tres pass	gran dy	par lor
roe in	trem ble	gree dic	part ner
sam ple	twink ling	gorge ous	pas tare
sa/m on	trem port	ha rel	pea/m ire
satch el	trou cheon	hard ship	scar let
scrub bard	ven om	hung ry	slan der
scis sors	ven ture	incom ing	sl so
screen ing/twist ing	mor tal	al way	
scep ter	vi it	mant gage	boo fire
spec ter	vi ages	nang ty	cob ler
scrib ble	viet uals	cow ver	clos et
sent ile	vengeance	ver ment	col lenges
sin ew	vent ure	wa ter	com et
slim ple	vine yard	sau cy	com rade
sor gle	wel come	sau cer	con quer
scrip ture	wed lock	in sweer	cook swain
strug gle	wick ed	barb er	cun duit
span gle	wran gle	burg let	cop y
spin ot	wrap per	cart er	cot wite
spot tle	wres tle	cham ber	cof fin
spin dle	wrist band	crait y	doc trine
sur ple	weep on	char coal	for id
sub le	wid geon	flask et	fon dle
sour gess	scol or	gar land	fire head
sur geon	scul ous	gaost ly	frol ic
tu ent	scep ter	gar ment	il claim
[illegible]	sling/s ter	har lot	grog gam
[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]

An Easy Standard of Pronunciation.

nom age	spon dee	coop er	slave el
/con cat	wan der	cuck oo	squir rel
/con cr	wan ton	ver tum	vir gin
funnel edge	war rant	ver dict	wor ship
hal loc	squan der	ver juice	wom der
lodg er	ran der	vir tue	weigh bor
mod est	glooin y	kern el	ne
mod ern	wn rran	colo jure	noun ell
mean strous	goo by	eav er	count er
nov el	wool len	cir cuit	coun ty
nov ice	harsh el	fir kin	dough ty
prof fer	bo soin	tom pass	drow sy
prog ress	bush y	som fort	mount ain
prom ise	worst ed	bor ough	shour er
pros pect	rush ion	dirt y	flow er
pros per	bal let	gov ern	how er
quad rant	bal lock	hon or	pow er
quad rate	bul ly	sove reign	cy
squad ron	bul wark	stir rup	voy age
stop page	butch er	skir mish	

TABLE XV.

Lesson I.

THE time will come when we must all be laid in the dust.

Keep thy tongue from ill, and thy lips from guile. Let thy words be plain and true to the thought of the heart.

He that strives to vex or hurt those that sit next him, is a bad boy and will meet with ex let him go where he will; but he that is kind, and loves to live in peace, will make friends of all that know him.

E.

"Let him (a child) begin with the first tables and proceed to the last; learning a certain number of words by heart at each lesson, so as to be able to spell them readily, as soon as the master puts them to him. This will afford variety to the child, who is apt to grow dull by being kept too long upon the same study."

• • *"The author wishes to promote the honour and prosperity of the confederated republics of America; and cheerfully throws his mite into the common treasure of patriotic exertions. This country must in some future time, be as distinguished by the superiority of her literary improvements, as she is already by the liberality of her civil and ecclesiastical constitutions. Europe is grown old in folly, corruption and tyranny —in that country laws are perverted, manners are licentious, literature is declining and human nature debased. . . . We have the experience of the whole world before our eyes; but to receive indiscriminately the maxims of government, the manners and the literary taste of Europe and make them the ground on which to build our systems in America, must soon convince us that a durable and stately edifice can never be erected upon the mouldering pillars of antiquity. It is the business of Americans to select the wisdom of the nations as the basis of her institutions,—to avoid their errours,—to prevent the introduction of foreign vices and corruptions and check the career of her own,—to promote virtue and patriotism,—to embellish and improve the sciences, —to diffuse an uniformity and purity of* language,*—to add superior dignity to this infant Empire and to human nature."*

—NOAH WEBSTER.

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—*Punch (Ben Roth).*

"And when did you first notice this sudden mistrust of your fellow men?"

frustrate Unitarian Harvard. He was a cultural busybody; in an odd fashion he anticipated Big Bill Thompson's wonderful boast about Chicago: he took up culture, and he made culture hum.

And yet this is an ungrateful view; it is not what Webster was that is important, but what Webster did. And what he did is inescapably clear. He helped free generations of Americans from a sense of inferiority about their language, and gave them instead a sense of the dignity of their speech. He contributed more than any other single person to a uniform American speech, and to the avoidance of those differences in accent and vocabulary that might proclaim differences in background, in class, or in region. His wish was, he said,

> to diffuse an uniformity and purity of language in America, to destroy the provincial prejudices that originate in the trifling differences of dialect and produce reciprocal ridicule, to promote the interest of literature and the harmony of the United States.

More specifically, he labored, in his books and his newspapers and his teaching,

> to extirpate the improprieties and vulgarisms which were necessarily introduced by settlers from various parts of Europe; to reform the abuses and corruption which tincture the conversation of the polite part of Americans; to render the acquisition of the language easy both to American youth and foreigners; and to render the pronunciation of it accurate and uniform by demolishing those odious distinctions of provincial dialects which are the subject of reciprocal ridicule.

All this Webster achieved, first through that Speller which went triumphantly from generation to generation until it came to be as familiar as the Bible, and as essential; through the Readers which for a time commanded the field and yielded only reluctantly to the more popular Peter Parley and McGuffey series; through his famous Dictionary which appeared first, and modestly, in 1806, and then monumentally in 1828 and through all its metamorphoses achieved the distinction of being an institution in itself. It was the Speller that conquered the land. It established its sovereignty in the East; it went west with the Conestoga wagon, and in the knapsacks of countless itinerant pedagogues; it leaped the mountains and established its empire on the Pacific coast; it even invaded the South, and on the eve of that war he was to do much to bring on Jefferson Davis wrote "above all other people we are one, and above all books which have united us in the bond of common language, I place the good old Spelling-Book of Noah Webster." The demand was insatiable; it sold by the hundred thousand, it sold by the million, it sold by the tens of millions. No other secular book had ever spread so wide, penetrated so deep, lasted so long.

NEITHER energy nor ambition nor vanity explains anything by itself, for we want to know why these forces took one channel rather than another: why they contributed to social weal rather than woe; found outlet in public rather than in private activities; expressed themselves in national rather than parochial accents, in liberal rather than conservative terms. The driving force in Webster, the compulsion that explains all particular expressions of his ambitions and his energies, was nationalism.

It was, to be sure, an age of self-conscious nationalism, and Webster was typical rather than original. "We are laboring hard to establish in this country principles more and more national, and free from all foreign ingredients," wrote Alexander Hamilton. We must have an American literature, argued Joel Barlow and Philip Freneau and Timothy Dwight. "The business of education acquired a new complexion by the independence of our country," said Benjamin Rush. "One American work is of more value to the United States than three foreign ones, even of superior merit," wrote Horatio Greenough of painting. "The Churches of America are all assuming a new complexion," wrote Dr. John Livingston; "they now become National Churches in this new Empire." Even arithmetic was to be new, for, "as the United States are now an independent nation," said Nicholas Pike, "it was judged that a system might be calculated more suitable to our Meridian than those heretofore published." This was the climate of opinion in which Webster lived and flourished; this was the doctrine to which he enthusiastically subscribed, the gospel he gladly preached. "Unshackle your minds," he admonished his countrymen. "You have an empire to raise and support by your exertions, and a national character to establish and extend by your wisdom and virtue. Every engine," he added, "should be employed to render the people of this country national, to call their attachments home to their own country, and to inspire them with the pride of national character."

The nations of the Old World were the products of centuries of history; America was created. Old World nations had inherited and absorbed all the essential ingredients of nationalism; America had to manufacture them. The peoples of other countries had been born national, as had their fathers and their forebears; in America they were to be "rendered" national. What were the "engines" to be employed in this enterprise?

One of them, and one of the most important, was language. "A national language," Webster said, "is a bond of national union." And so it was—in France, in Denmark, in England, in Spain; and when ancient peoples organized themselves as independent nations in Germany, in Italy, in Greece, in Bohemia. The new United States was fortunate in having a common (even if an inherited) language; could that language be kept common over an immense territory, and among

(*Continued on page* 66)

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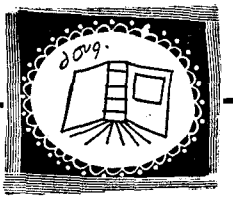


LITERARY HORIZONS

The Power of Richard Wright

By Granville Hicks

ALTHOUGH Richard Wright has published eleven books over a period of exactly twenty years, **"The Long Dream"** (Doubleday, $3.95) is only his third novel. His first novel was "Native Son," published in 1940, two years after a collection of short stories, "Uncle Tom's Children." An autobiographical book, "Black Boy," appeared in 1945, but his second novel, "The Outsider," waited until 1953. Since then he has published several volumes of travel description and sociological comment, only now returning to fiction.

"The Outsider" suggested that Wright was moving in a new direction, for, although the leading character was a Negro, the novel was not primarily concerned with race problems, as earlier books had been. On the contrary, Wright deliberately used the situation of the American Negro as an example of the contemporary predicament, just as Ralph Ellison had done in "The Invisible Man." One of the characters says: "Negroes, as they enter our culture, are going to inherit the problems we have, but with a difference. They are outsiders, and they are going to *know* that they have these problems. They are going to be self-conscious; they are going to be gifted with a double vision, for, being Negroes, they are going to be both *inside* and *outside* of our culture at the same time."

But if Wright sees that the race problem is not isolated, he has continued to be preoccupied with it, as is demonstrated by such volumes as "Black Power" and "White Man, Listen!" "The Long Dream" returns to that theme, and therefore seems closer to "Native Son" than to "The Outsider." Wright is once more trying to show the world what being a Negro in America is like.

The first part of "The Long Dream" is reminiscent of "Black Boy" in so far as it is an account of a young Negro's experience in Mississippi. The time is some twenty-five years later than that described in "Black Boy," and Fish Tucker is the son of a prosperous undertaker and property owner, whereas Wright grew up in brutal poverty. The lesson Fish learns, however, is essentially the lesson Wright learned, and he learns it in the same harsh way.

In Parts II and III, on the other hand, Fish's life takes a very different course from Wright's, just as Bigger Thomas's did in "Native Son." Like both "Native Son" and "The Outsider," "The Long Dream" turns into melodrama. Fish leaves school at sixteen, and goes to work for his father, Tyree, whose aptitude for making money he seems to have inherited. He not only acquires sexual experience but, at this early age, has a mistress and an apartment to keep her in. When the mistress dies in a dance hall fire, along with some forty others, Fish learns that his father is co-owner of the hall, owner of various other illicit establishments, and an agent of corrupt municipal officials in the exploitation of vice in the Negro section.

TYREE TUCKER struggles to save his life and at least some part of his fortunes, but is murdered by the white officials he has served. Fish himself is framed, and is kept in jail, quite illegally, for two years. It is no wonder that, when he is at last released, he flees to France. (Since 1946 Wright has made Paris his home.)

The faults of the novel are obvious. I have spoken of melodrama, and the term is justified, not because the events that unfold are inherently implausible but because Wright works so hard to give them emotional impact. As in his other novels, he displays a preoccupation with scenes of violence that can be understood but cannot be fully defended on literary grounds. His material constantly seems to be getting out of hand, as if he were driven—as I believe he is—by forces beyond his control.

I am also troubled by the characterization of Fish Tucker. Although a boy of sixteen might be as mature as he is supposed to be, he seems to grow up almost overnight. It is true that an acquaintance of his has been lynched and that he himself has had his first encounter with the white man's law and the white man's violence, but one ought to feel more continuity than one does. One ought to feel, as I do not, that the ideas Fish expresses are his ideas and not Richard Wright's.

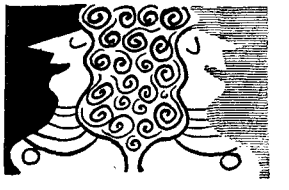
Finally, there is the question of style. Wright has never been a master of polished prose, and "The Long Dream" is marred by frequent lapses. For one thing, the characters are likely to talk in a fashion that it is hard to accept. Here, for instance, is what the mother of the boy who is lynched says as she looks at his body:

(*Continued on page* 65)

Your Literary I. Q.

FACTUAL OR FICTIONAL? (PART II)

Conducted by John T. Winterich



Only one name in each of the following groups of four is fictional; the others represent real people. Faye Chilcote Walker, of Columbus, Ohio, asks you to select the fictional character from each group. Stage or pen names are accepted as factual, not fictional, as are the names of legendary and ancient historical figures. Answers on page 62.

1. ( ) Paul Bunyan ( ) Paul Potter ( ) Paul Revere ( ) Paul Clifford
2. ( ) Lily Beck ( ) Lily Bart ( ) Lily Langtry ( ) Lily Pons
3. ( ) John Hancock ( ) John Halifax ( ) John Dory ( ) John Brown
4. ( ) William Pitt ( ) William Tell ( ) William Ashe ( ) William Law
5. ( ) Emma Lazarus ( ) Emma Willard ( ) Emma Hamilton ( ) Emma Bovary
6. ( ) Daniel Defoe ( ) Daniel Deronda ( ) Daniel Boone ( ) Daniel Webster
7. ( ) George Babbitt ( ) George Pepper ( ) George Peabody ( ) George Peele
8. ( ) Marie de France ( ) Marie de Verneuil ( ) Marie de Medicis ( ) Marie Du Barry
9. ( ) Otto Kruger ( ) Otto Kringelein ( ) Otto Kahn ( ) Otto Preminger
10. ( ) Charles Tiffany ( ) Charles Finger ( ) Charles Darwin ( ) Charles Darnay
11. ( ) Virginia Carvel ( ) Virginia Woolf ( ) Virginia Mayo ( ) Virginia Dare
12. ( ) Kate Wiggin ( ) Kate Fennigate ( ) Kate Smith ( ) Kate Greenaway

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Porgy and Always the Best

—Caricature by Covarrubias from "George Gershwin: Man and Legend."

"The Gershwin Years," by Edward Jablonski and Lawrence D. Stewart *(Doubleday. 313 pp. $6.95), and* ***"George Gershwin: Man and Legend," by Merle Armitage*** *(Duell, Sloan & Pearce. 188 pp. $4.50), published twenty-one years after the celebrated composer's death, reveal the many facets of his personality and talent. Vinton Freedley, who worked with the Gershwins on several productions, casts a nostalgic eye on the books.*

By Vinton Freedley

A THOROUGHLY readable and altogether delightful dual biography of the brothers Gershwin—George and Ira—has been compiled by dual authors: Edward Jablonski and Lawrence D. Stewart. With a foreword by Carl Van Vechten, profusely illustrated with excerpts from musical scores, and beautifully produced, "The Gershwin Years" is a must volume for any library of music. The authors have done intensive research, which has resulted in a work that reveals not only the musical attainments of these gifted men, but offers an inside look at the brothers themselves. In addition to music-lovers, "The Gershwin Years" should appeal to all those who believe in the American way of life; who believe that true talent will not remain undiscovered; that from comparative poverty and humble surroundings it is possible to obtain worldwide recognition in a chosen field.

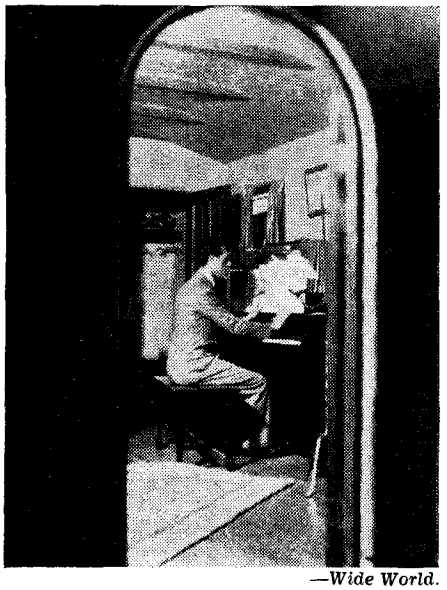
Having worked with George and Ira on seven musical productions, five of which were successful (we'll not mention the two dire failures), it is difficult to write about them objectively. No two men, closer in heart, were further apart temperamentally. George wanted, and loved, the good things of life. Like a kitten with cream, he lapped up the adulation and praise of his many friends in all walks of life. To his public he was an extrovert. What he was inside himself is something else again. Ira, on the other hand, was ever self-effacing, modest, kind, almost shy, and so great a reverence did he have for his brother's talent that for some years he would not write his lyrics under the Gershwin name, preferring the pseudonym of Arthur Francis, using the given names of his younger brother and sister.

George Gershwin's untimely death in 1937 was a severe loss to the world of music. Cut off at the unripe age of thirty-eight, there is no telling what he might have accomplished had he been allowed to live out a full span of years. I know from personal association with him that, following the production of "Porgy and Bess," which opened in New York on October 10, 1935, George was leaning more and more to the classical field of music. Despite his obvious enjoyment on the opening of a new musical show in New Haven, Boston, or Philadelphia, his time was increasingly occupied with fulfilling concert dates in St. Louis, Washington, San Francisco, New York, and Chicago, conducting symphony orchestras, and meeting with the great both here and in Europe. In the meantime Hollywood was always calling.

Apparently George's last ambition was to write a screen ballet. This never came to fruition: the brain tumor, which had been developing, caused his death on July 11, 1937. "It was Sunday—not a day, but rather a gap between two other days," Scott Fitzgerald once wrote.

The book concludes with these words: "On the day of George's funeral in New York the film studios in California halted at ten o'clock for a moment of mourning silence. It was their final honor to this man who filled our world with sound and song and gave our lives a tempo. . . . And today, decades later, we are still living 'The Gershwin Years'."

An altogether different type of biography has been written by Merle Armitage: "George Gershwin: Man and Legend." This work (with a note on the author by John Charles Thomas and a foreword by Ira Gershwin) is principally concerned with George's position in classical music, his admiration for the masters of his time—Schoenberg, Ravel, Berg, Stravinsky—and his intense devotion to the problems of orchestration. Mr. Armitage carefully analyzes all of Gersh-



—Wide World.

—Courtesy of Arthur Gershwin.

—Edward Steichen.

Left: George Gershwin at twenty-seven in rented West Side hotel "working" room where he finished Concerto in F, "Song of the Flame," and "Tip-Toes." Right: Two years later, after "Funny Face" lighted up Broadway.

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win's serious compositions, the preludes, "Porgy and Bess," the first and second rhapsodies, the concertos. He also analyzes George's ability as a painter and contrasts his accomplishments with many of the modernists.

The volume concludes with a complete list of all Gershwin works in the concert field, as well as for Hollywood and Broadway. Included are the names of the artists who introduced his best-known songs.

It is a scholarly work, written with dignity and care. Although it is essentially about George Gershwin, Mr. Armitage has larded it with many opinions of his own on various topics in the realm of art; his comments and anecdotes on music and contemporary musicians are worth study.

Diary of a Dedicated Democrat

"All in One Lifetime," by James F. Byrnes *(Harper. 432 pp. $5), recalls some fifty years of political activity by a man who narrowly missed being President of the United States. Sidney Hyman, who reports on the ex-Secretary of State's memoirs, is the author of "The American President."*

By Sidney Hyman

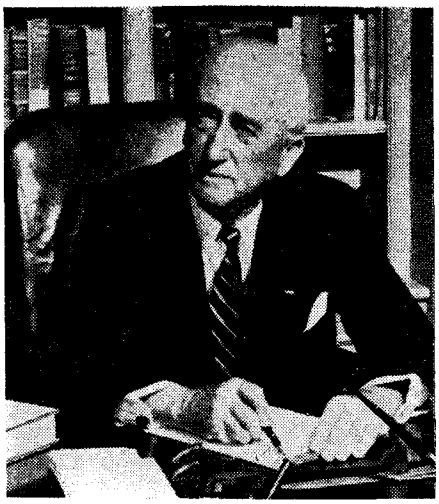
EXCEPT perhaps for William Howard Taft and Charles Evans Hughes, James F. Byrnes's political career is unmatched in its variety and scope by any other twentieth-century American.

Elected to the House of Representatives in March, 1911, from South Carolina's Second Congressional District, he became in time a first-rank Democratic leader of the Senate; a Justice of the Supreme Court, and the "assistant president" in effective charge of the domestic front during World War II. Then, after a near miss in the 1944 contest for the Democratic Vice Presidential nomination, Mr. Byrnes moved on to other posts of foremost importance. He was the Secretary of State when the Cold War first became the salient challenge of our external affairs. Then, resigning from the Federal Government, he became Governor of South Carolina.

Now living in retirement, Mr. Byrnes avows two purposes in writing "All in One Lifetime." He means to put down what he learned, saw, and experienced personally in the course of his remarkable career. Beyond this, he hopes his book will induce more people to take an active part in public affairs.

Every chapter in his book has a special fascination of its own. Written in lucid style, with welcome flashes of wit, it is jam-packed with revealing glimpses of the men, the institutions, and the forces that have shaped public life over the last half century.

In part, the interpretations of fact one comes upon are connected with documentary extracts advanced to support Mr. Byrnes's version of reality. In part, where the documents are nonexistent, or where the author feels the printed record is misleading, he must depend on his memory for what actually happened, or at least what he thought actually happened. In either case, however, the very merit of Mr. Byrnes's book as a memoir with a distinctive point of view makes its most important chapters crackle with the static electricity of personal conflict. Surprisingly, the chapters of which this is true are not those which relate how the 1944 Democratic Vice Presidential nomination went to Harry S. Truman instead of to Mr. Byrnes —though the latter had every reason to believe that he stood first in President Roosevelt's favor. A comparison of the Truman and Byrnes account of this fateful event shows them in substantial agreement on all major points of detail. And, regardless of how often Mr. Byrnes may have bled internally by the recollection that he may have missed being President by the very narrowest of margins, he tells his part of the story with admirable restraint.



—*Tom Nebbia.*

James F. Byrnes—"under control."

The case is rather different when Mr. Byrnes deals with his tenure as Secretary of State. To be sure, he has his deepest feelings under control when he writes of this period. Yet what he writes stands in direct and almost implacable opposition on major points of detail and nuance to what Mr. Truman has set forth.

In brief, Mr. Truman has argued that Secretary of State Byrnes was not fully alive to the new challenge the Soviet Union presented after the end of World War II, that Mr. Byrnes had taken it upon himself to move the foreign policy of the United States in a direction Mr. Truman could not and would not agree to go, and, moreover, he had done this on his own initiative without consulting the President. Mr. Truman added that he wrote out his criticism of Mr. Byrnes's general performance, read it to him in a face-to-face meeting, and the air was thereby cleared. But, says he, Mr. Byrnes's show of bitterness dated from the civil rights fight in the 1948 Democratic convention.

Mr. Byrnes's brief reads to this opposite effect: He wanted to resign as Secretary of State when he received an adverse (and misleading) medical report about the state of his personal health, but had remained at his post at the insistence of President Truman. He emphasizes that he was fully aware of the dangers the Soviet Union presented, that in all the things he did he appeared to have the full and approving support of the President, that he reported to him everything he did, and that any failures to communicate were due to technical difficulties in transmitting messages and not to any intention to circumvent the President's paramount authority in international affairs. He adds that the purported letter in which Mr. Truman set forth his criticisms was never shown nor read to him. The first he ever heard about it was when he saw it printed in a book written by one of Mr. Truman's authorized biographers. And it was the appearance of that letter in print which severed their friendship.

This reviewer is in no position to judge which of these two versions is closer to the truth—nor to judge the extent to which Mr. Byrnes's subsequent positions in a whole range of vital domestic political matters were born of his breach with Mr. Truman. But if the matter here must hang in suspense, the Democratic Party nationally has good reason to mourn the loss of Mr. Byrnes's loyalty; and the country as a whole, with the blazing school desegregation problem before it, has good reason to rue the fact that Mr. Byrnes stands in the camp of the "never-never" opponents of integration.

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Terpsichore and the U. S. Army

***"And Promenade Home," by Agnes de Mille** (Little, Brown. 301 pp. $5), continues the distinguished dancer and choreographer's autobiography, begun with "Dance to the Piper." It is reviewed by Carl Van Vechten, the well-known novelist, photographer, music and dance critic.*

By Carl Van Vechten

A DANCER who is at once literate and articulate may be considered a novelty, and probably Agnes de Mille is unique in this department. It is true, certainly, that other dancers have written books, mostly on their chosen vocation, but Miss de Mille has given evidence that she could write in any formal plan that she selected as desirable. The present example, indeed, might have been a novel, as it is most assuredly a love story.

The author has always been enamored of the ballet and of dancing in general, and she writes superbly about other dancers, of whom she has introduced quite a few (among others, Diana Adams, Annabelle Lyon, Pearl Lang, Joan McCracken, Sono Osato, Gemze de Lappe, James Mitchell, John Butler, Peter Birch, Marc Platt, and Kay Kendall). Moreover, she has had an excellent education and knows the history of the world of Terpsichore thoroughly. Dancing is discussed concretely and at great length in "And Promenade Home" and there are at least two excellent chapters devoted to an abstract discussion of the art.

Possessed of a natural affinity for writing, Miss de Mille expresses herself with elegance, with eloquence, and with clarity. She is intimate with the intricacies of the English language and can communicate with an expert subtlety that frequently verges on brilliancy. She is at home describing the attitudes and movements of the dance, and she is equally *chez elle* when she describes her friends. She has humor and even knows how to laugh at herself—on occasion a suitable subject for laughter. She can be brutally frank, even about herself, but when her frankness is applied to others it seems to be doubly frank. It is possible, now and again, that she overpraises her pets, but she is considerably less emphatic in condemnation. On the whole, she is generous and fair in her judgments, which occur on every page—and she is seldom dubious when expressing an opinion.

In the first volume of her autobiography, "Dance to the Piper," Miss de Mille recorded her initial failures at some length, describing a bleak period when no one except herself and her mother had any real conception of what she proposed to do. In the present book she briefly summarizes these early years, not without tears, but before long she plunges into a description of her choreography in "Oklahoma!," a work—still alive nine years after its creation—which completely changed the role of dancing in subsequent musicals and which elevated Agnes de Mille to an important position in the theatre world. There also is a record of her further brilliant progress, through "One Touch of Venus," "Rodeo," "Tally-Ho," "Carousel," "Brigadoon," etc. Miss de Mille's work on these productions is tenderly described in detail (but sometimes the detail is unpleasant). There is no mention of "Three Virgins and a Devil," in which Jerome Robbins made his debut in a principal part, or of another piece or two designed by our Lady Tinkletoes.

Actually, this book is mostly concerned with Walter Prude, now her husband, whom she meets (on page 14) through the auspices of Martha Graham, and whose baby she is preparing to bear towards the close of the volume. Their separations are maddening, sometimes the result of orders from his superiors, sometimes caused by her stupidity. At any rate, the book is about Lieutenant Walter F. Prude, United States Army, and her relations with him, and her feelings about him, and her reactions to *his* feelings about *her*. So intimately and realistically are these emotions expressed that a sympathetic reader, believing reasonably enough that he is reading fiction, will be moved as he would be by the emotional text of a novel. Very occasionally, with a good deal of trepidation, she asks Walter Prude to see her ballets, and it is worthy of comment that the reader never does discover what he thinks about them.

It is not remarkable then to learn that even the chapters devoted to the ballet are in a not-too-mysterious way tangled with her feelings for her husband. This is most evident in a chapter about the Civil War ballet in "Bloomer Girl" when all the upper theatre brass was against her. E. Y. Harburg, John C. Wilson, and even Main Bocher (who had been called in to referee) begged her to scrap this ballet as too serious for a lighthearted musical. She was obdurate: war to her was a serious business. Only Trude Rittman and the dancers were with her, but *how* they were with her! Standing her ground, without yielding an inch, she enjoyed her first triumph on the opening night when the opposition were on their knees before her.

In the chapter entitled "The Milk of Paradise," Miss de Mille turns over in her mind and heart her attitude toward her husband; she wonders if his return will be sufficient compensa-

—From the book (George Karger—Pix).

Pearl Lang, Sono Osato, Kenny Baker, Mary Martin, and Nellie Fisher in a scene from "One Touch of Venus"—"tenderly described in detail."

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tion for her long-extended loneliness and will make it possible for her to retire as a choreographer, to rest content in his arms. She learns that the answer is No, that she will continue to love her husband, but that she will also continue with her work. At this point she quotes Maurice Goudeket, husband of Colette, who has written: "A man does not love a woman for her genius; he loves her in spite of her genius." And Miss de Mille reflects on woman's lot since the beginning of time, how her talents have always been held down by the Church, by the Family, and by Man in general. She considers the rewards that may come to her as a great choreographer, she considers her unusually complete preparation for such a role, and she determines to carry on.

There is another chapter about the ballet which makes grimmer reading, but which is even more affecting because it is more general in application. Miss de Mille explains why the steps in choreography, the whole plan of any particular ballet, can be stolen and utilized in a subsequent and inferior production without payment to the original choreographer, who has no redress in the face of these shameful circumstances. Dance movements can hardly be set down intelligibly. There is a system of accurate dance notation, but no dancer can read it. Certainly, as yet, no Congressman can read it. She explains in detail a choreographer's job, how he (or she) is engaged to create dances for a certain space of time in a musical show, as necessary and valuable to the piece as any other detail. Furthermore, he is frequently given no hint of the kind of steps and movements that are needed. Sometimes even the music for the ballets is not ready. In spite of this, the choreographers' attempts to convince Congress that this kind of work should be protected by law have been consistently unsuccessful.

> At this writing [asserts Miss de Mille] the situation is considerably worse. Producers and managers are aroused by choreographers' growing demands. Authors go to particular pains to write dancing out of the shows or to keep it well corralled in unimportant little corners. Rank beginners are brought in at bottom prices. There is a very real rivalry between directors and choreographers for power, prestige, and percentages. Jerome Robbins and Michael Kidd have solved matters by organizing, directing, producing, and choreographing their own shows. This is a heroic answer and one not possible for many. There could be another: simple justice.

The Micawbers of Massachusetts

"Miss Alcott of Concord," by Marjorie Worthington *(Doubleday. 336 pp. $4.50), is a portrait of the author of "Little Women" and other books dear to millions in their girlhood. Our reviewer, Henry Beetle Hough, the editor of* The Vineyard Gazette *in Edgartown, Mass., has written a number of books, the most recent being "New England Story."*

By Henry Beetle Hough

OUT OF the deranged household of Bronson Alcott, Concord philosopher, came one success story, that of his second daughter. Mrs. Worthington, author of seven novels, tells it here as the fulfillment of a long intention, following closely the journal kept from childhood by Louisa May Alcott.

From the group of mad and insolvent transcendentalists—as Concord saw them—Emerson supplied a bridge to reality, and Louisa was to perform that service for the Alcotts. As a child of eleven she wrote, "I wish we could be just a real family, like everyone else."

But the venture of Fruitlands lay immediately ahead, the idealistic farm colony that was held together for a while through the labor and endurance of Louisa's mother. At that ironically named place of privation Louisa began making up stories to entertain her sisters, and so she discovered "the triumph of imagination, spirit, over hunger, cold, discouragement, and poverty."

At sixteen she had written a story, and at eighteen she sold it for five dollars. Meantime there were more harsh experiences. "Father doing as well as a philosopher can in a money-loving world," she wrote; she was earning money from "school, sewing, and stories," and it was "a queer way to live, but dramatic, and I rather like it, for we never know what is to come next. We are real 'Micawbers,' and always 'ready for spring.'"

In Civil War days, at thirty, Louisa volunteered for nursing duty in an Army hospital in Washington. The ordeal was severe; she contracted "typhoid pneumonia" and, as she said, was never well again. But as a strange successor to such tales as "Flower Fables" she wrote "Hospital Sketches," a success of a new kind.

—*Culver.*

Louisa May Alcott: "Never liked girls."

Overseas as companion to an invalid lady, Louisa met Ladislas Wisinewski, a young Pole, to whom in her journal she referred to as "Laddie" or "Laurie." What was the real substance of this romance? Mrs. Worthington says that Louisa has marked the door "private," and refuses to open it.

Back at home Louisa wrote one undistinguished novel, and then her publisher asked for a book about girls. "So I plod away," Louisa wrote, "though I don't enjoy this sort of thing. Never liked girls or knew many, except my sisters; but our queer plays and experiences may prove interesting, though I doubt it."

Her doubt was resolved with the great event of "Little Women," and at thirty-six she became a successful author, going on to an affluence that lasted until her death nineteen years later.

Mrs. Worthington's narrative is faithful, and her quotations from Louisa's journal are illuminating. Louisa, from her later eminence, advised a young man who asked whether he should devote himself to writing, "Not if you can do anything else. Even dig ditches." And to her publisher she declared a forthright belief in suffrage for women: "I, for one, don't want to be ranked among the idiots, felons, and minors any longer, for I am none of the three . . ."

But Mrs. Worthington offers no interpretive view of her own. She is content to show Louisa May Alcott as one of New England's "finest women," and if not one of the greatest Americans, "surely one of the best," a minor writer who filled a human need.

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Love and Lust at 4,000 Feet

"The Mountain Is Young," by Han Suyin *(Putnam. 511 pp. $4.95), tells about the romance of a cool Englishwoman and a Nepalese engineer, in the exotic land of the Himalayas. Anglo-Indian critic and novelist, Aubrey Menen is the author of "The Backward Bride" and "The Abode of Love."*

By Aubrey Menen

THE trouble with Han Suyin is that there are two persons inside her and they do not blend.

Let me at once make clear what I mean. I am not speaking of the fact that Han Suyin, like the writer of this review and every person who reads it, has mixed blood. I mean something much more interesting, namely, that Han Suyin is a writer of extraordinary talent, but at the same time she has the misfortune of being a woman.

This is always a difficult state of affairs, especially when the writer is not content with producing one good book, but wishes to write several. George Eliot succeeded (but *was* she a woman?), whereas most women writers give up, or repeat themselves.

Han Suyin, in her third novel, does not repeat herself. She is strikingly original. In 1956 she was invited to witness the coronation of the King of Nepal. She decided to put down her observations of the people and the country in the form of a novel. The result is a piece of descriptive writing as fine as anyone would wish to read. At first she gives way to a mountain mood: "Everything becomes colorful, significant, charged with emotional meaning when you are up 4,000 feet." But soon her deep sense of realism begins to assert itself and she becomes aware that "this is by no means Shangri-La, but merely another undeveloped Asian country with . . . great wealth for a handful of aristocrats, misery for most of the population, sanitation nonexistent, disease rife, pi-dogs and filth, sacred fat cows and hungry children." But there are also colorful marriage ceremonies. There is the preposterous coronation. There are the fantastic Nepalese. Han Suyin brings all her own experiences of these things before us with a remarkable display of her literary gifts.

Among her resources is a trul funny wit. Thus, describing two women, meeting each other for the first time, she remarks that they give each other "the measuring stare of Siamese boxers about to kick each other in the face."

So much for Han Suyin, the writer. Han Suyin, the woman, breaks off her feast of description every so often to treat us to scenes of sexual passion and frustration. I have tried to add up the number of love affairs directly and indirectly mentioned in the book. But it is 500 pages long and I lost count. When she writes about love she writes about it wholesale. As one of the quite minor characters says, "I must have had nearly a thousand women in my life, Anne. I was counting them the other night."

The principal heroine is a white woman, Anne, who falls in love with a dam-builder called Unni Menon, an Indian, presumably from Malabar. I am interested in the Menons, a strange lot, with whom I have a close connection. But Unni is full of the manly virtues and has no fault what-

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A MANY-SPLENDORED WOMAN: Han Suyin, Far East specialist in sex and socialism, has been accused by various critics—not necessarily literary—of being vain, successful, selfish, domineering, arrogant, and immoral. She also has been called an exhibitionist and a Communist. But nobody has ever accused her of not being interesting. She is.

I first met her at a cocktail party in Hong Kong in January, 1951—a strikingly handsome Eurasian with a mocking smile; intense, emotional, boundlessly gay or profoundly depressed. The Chinese Communists had just kicked the United Nations Army in the teeth in Korea and she was plainly pleased by this turn of events.

She was writing a book and wanted me to read the manuscript. While I read she sat on the edge of her chair in my room at the Gloucester Hotel. After two chapters I handed the manuscript back to her. I didn't know much about her, except that she was a doctor and there was something about a love affair with Ian Morrison, the London *Times* correspondent who was killed in the Korean war. But she could write.

The book, of course, was "A Many-Splendored Thing," a thinly disguised account of her Hong King idyll with the blue-eyed Englishman before he went off to Korea and got blown up by a land mine. "A Many-Splendored Thing" did rather well for both its publisher and Hollywood, not to mention its author. Its impact on Morrison's wife and children, who were living in Singapore at the time he was killed, went unreported.

Now, seven years later, Suyin, or Dr. Elizabeth K. Comber as she is known to Western friends, sat in her room at the Gloucester.

"You told me when you were writing that book that Ian would have wanted you to write it. I'm not so sure about that."

She colored. "What I meant was that Ian encouraged me to write."

"Is it true that you offered Ian's widow the earnings from your book?"

"Yes."

"The offer was rejected?"

"Yes."

Suyin stood up and paced the floor, clasping and unclasping her hands. "I know I hurt her," she burst out. "But what could I do? I had to hurt her. So I'm not a good woman. If I'd been a good woman, where would I be now? I'll tell you—dead!"

She picked up some galley proofs of her new book, "The Mountain Is Young."

"Here, read this part," she instructed. "The British publisher's representative wants me to tone it down. Says it's 'too vivid.' He actually blushed when he read it."

I read a few paragraphs describing, as only a doctor and a woman could describe it, an Englishman's attempt to make love to an unresponsive wife.

"What do you think?"

"Leave it in," I advised. "It'll sell."

"Hollywood is already bidding for it," she said proudly. Suyin's expressed sympathy for Communist China, which she frequently visits, is matched only by her fond regard for the Yankee dollar. And despite her

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soever. He gets no further than being a Big Brown Carstairs.

One of the many splendors of sexual passion is, surely, that so much has been written about it in the last hundred years that we do not have to take it seriously in fiction any more. Is it too much to hope that in her next book Han Suyin will be the first woman to venture a few jokes about it?

HIBERNIAN HIJINKS: Let's hope that Honor Tracy's tongue never loses its cozy affinity for her cheek. In this latest of her books, **"The Prospects Are Pleasing"** (Random House, $3.50), the background is again her native Ireland, and she romps her delightful characters through a series of droll situations with the ease and zany imagination of an inspired imp.

Tommy O'Driscoll, the central character, cherishes great ambitions in life, hampered only by his woeful inadequacy.

His daydreams and prayers serve him well. Tommy's rise to fame and fortune comes about through a comedy of errors—the comedy, Miss Tracy's; the errors, Tommy's very own. His first opportunity to distinguish himself comes at the invitation of a fellow-patriot to travel from Dublin to a gallery in London and retrieve a painting hanging there that should, by all that's right and holy, be hanging in Dublin. How Tommy convinced himself that he has accomplished this outlandish assignment, with the help of a suave, adventurous young Englishman, is a delicious tale. And the subsequent peregrinations of the painting (an original Afrodisio La Fuente y Chaos, from his "Goat" period) are hilariously funny. Tommy's lot is now one with that of the painting and every precious blunder he makes miraculously works out to his advantage.

Miss Tracy's affectionate handling of her characters and her extremely bright, comical dialogue are admirable. It is a joy to chuckle along with her. —MARGARET HURLEY.

Pick of the Paperbacks

ON THE ROAD. *By Jack Kerouac. Signet.* 50¢. In case anyone doesn't know, Mr. Kerouac is king of the Beatniks. This is his first novel, about the wanderings and ponderings of a hip fellow named Sal Paradise.

THE LOVES OF KRISHNA. *By W. G. Archer. Evergreen.* $1.95. The many guises of Krishna—bucolic lover, warrior, king—in the epic "Bhagavad-Ghita" are the subject of much Indian literature and painting. These essays by a Far Eastern scholar explain the complex role of Krishna. Illustrated.

SISTER CARRIE. *By Theodore Dreiser. Bantam.* 50¢. This turn-of-the-century classic of American realism tells, with great sympathy, the grim story of a young girl, Carrie Meeber, who is much put upon by fate and a fast-talking drummer.

THE TRIUMPH OF CHRISTENDOM IN THE ROMAN EMPIRE. *By Edward Gibbon. Torchbooks.* $1.85. From the massive "History of the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire," these chapters tell of Christianity's early days, of Constantine's rule, and of Christendom's emergence from the power of Rome.

THE OLDEST STORIES IN THE WORLD. *By Theodore H. Gaster. Beacon.* $1.95. This unusual collection of Babylonian, Assyrian, and Canaanite tales (many are four thousand years old) is accompanied by extensive commentaries.

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well-known antipathy to colonialism, she prefers the creature comforts of Singapore, rather than the People's Republic of China. When Twentieth Century-Fox offered her $35,000 for "A Many-Splendored Thing" her publisher advised her to take it before the studio lost interest. Suyin held out for $60,000 and got $50,000.

Suyin was born September 12, 1917, in Peking, to a Belgian mother and a Chinese engineer, and was educated in both Chinese and Catholic schools.

"But I lost my Catholic faith at twelve," she says, "because I couldn't love people and I loved animals and animals couldn't go to heaven. Still, I intend to die a Catholic. I don't believe in repudiation."

At twelve or fourteen she decided she wanted to be a doctor. "Mother laughed at me," she says bitterly. "'All Eurasians want to become doctors,' mother said. It's their road to social acceptance." Suyin got a job and went to live in the Y.W.C.A. At seventeen she entered Yenching University to study medicine.

"As usual," she says, "I spent all my time fighting being a half caste. The Chinese can be just as horrible about things like that as Europeans. My sister and I went to a movie with a couple of American marines and the editor of a student paper accused us of sleeping with them. Then when I proved he was a liar he begged my forgiveness. A typically Chinese trick."

In 1935 Suyin got an eight-year scholarship to go to Belgium and study medicine. For three years she had the highest grades in her class, then threw it all over to return to China. On the ship she met her future husband, Colonel Tang Pao-hueng. They arrived in Hankow four days before it fell to the Japanese.

During the next few years, with her husband away on duty much of the time (he once served as Chiang Kai-shek's aide), Suyin had a book and a baby. The book, "Destination Chungking," earned her exactly $560. The baby has grown into an attractive daughter of seventeen, Yung Mei.

In 1942 she followed her husband to London, where he served as military attaché of the Nationalist embassy. "But I was no diplomat's wife," she says, "so I returned to medicine. The British needed doctors and with my previous training all I needed was a short course. Once I bought a pickled brain and kept it under the bed. Yung Mei used to show it to her friends and say, 'This is where mummy keeps her brain.'"

Meanwhile, her husband returned to China. He was killed in 1947 in the siege of Mukden, leaving her broke and in debt. In 1949, after passing her medical exams in London with honors, she boarded a ship for Hong Kong, then swollen with refugees.

For a time she and Yung Mei lived on a sofa in the basement of Church Guest House, a missionary hotel, while she served as casualty officer at Queen Mary Hospital. "It was a good job," she says. "Nobody else wanted it. Then I met Ian."

Ian Morrison was killed August 13, 1950. Two days later Suyin started "A Many-Splendored Thing," writing by night and treating the social seepage of Hong Kong by day. In 1952 she married Leonard Comber, a British police officer who five years ago resigned to study Chinese secret societies.

Like many Eurasians, who feel they have been rejected by the West, Suyin often seems more Asian than the Asians. "But I'm not anti-white," she insists. "I'm simply against the stupid things white people do." Nor, she insists, does she feel suspended between two worlds as do many Eurasians. "I don't need either one world or the other," she says, "I've found my own."

—KEYES BEECH, *a correspondent for the* Chicago Daily News, *who has traveled widely in the Far East.*

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This Troubled World

IN A few weeks or months the dilemma of the Administration in its attempt to protect the islands of Quemoy and Matsu from continued bombardment from the Chinese mainland may be forgotten. To a vast number of Americans it seemed to be a useless and dangerous commitment, though the United States in a defense pact in 1954 had pledged itself to come to the aid of the aging Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek if Formosa should be invaded.

Apparently few Americans understood that we may have been also committed to save these two tiny islets, even at the risk of war with China. Senator Green upset the apple-cart in his letter to the *Rhode Island Democrat* in which he stated that the two islands were not vital to the defense of either Formosa or the United States and that "such an involvement would not command the support of the American people." It is no wonder that the President, one of the great military leaders of our time, should be annoyed by the Senator's letter, and especially Green's extraordinary statement that "if we became involved in battle the United States would be defeated because of disunity at home." There can be only one excuse for Senator Green's bad manners. Election Day is not far off!

It is conceivable that Americans overestimate the military power of both Russia and China or their interest in going to war against the Western nations. There are at least 100 million captive people in Soviet Russia who have not forgotten their homelands: East Germans, Poles, Hungarians, Czechoslovaks, Rumanians, Bulgarians, Latvians, Estonians, and Lithuanians, and millions more who speak eighty different languages. Joseph Alsop, of the *New York Herald Tribune,* who recently returned from the Orient, reports that "Communist China is now moving towards the hideous and bloodstained phase that the Soviet Union entered when Stalin launched his massacres of the common people. If Stalin destroyed 20 million people, it is a reasonable forecast that Communist massacres in China will destroy 100 million human beings."

Nor is the partnership between the two great Communist powers successful, according to Thomas Barman, a British diplomatic correspondent on Russo-Chinese relations. There has been no end to Chinese demands for Russian economic aid, and Russia has been forced to come through with the goods. The policy, urged on China by the Russians, of producing more consumer goods was abandoned, and the priority of heavy industry was restored. Writes Mr. Barman, "the interests of the Russian people were subordinated to the requirements of the Chinese five-year plan." In the international field the Russians are no longer able to act as if they were masters of the Communist world. Neither Mr. Khrushchev nor his rivals can afford to lose the friendship and support of the Chinese leaders. There is reason to believe that with its enormous population increasing every year Communist China may emulate Russia and invade and conquer the fertile nations on its southern borders.

AT HOME, our once peaceful and united country is suffering from the bigotry of a few Southern cities whose leaders insist that Negro children cannot be allowed to enter the public schools alongside their white neighbors. A strange and unsavory breed of hatemongers has come to the surface and has taken a new lease on life from school disintegration. The high school in Little Rock is closed by an order of the Governor of the state of Arkansas. In Clinton, Tennessee, the high school was recently destroyed by three explosions. This extraordinary development of racial violence is a reflection of the turmoil and violence in a great part of the world.

—H. S.

Negative

By Judson Jerome

I have lost the print, but in this negative
you can see her shape, if not much more. That black
is beach; her hair, here white, was black. That white
is water, laced with black. Its roar, and that
of the wind, not pictured here, except as her hair
flies out from her grey shoulders (they were brown),
drowned all our conversation: we lost track,
that sun-bleached day (the sun here makes her frown),
of hours, words, kisses, sandwiches and beer,
all used in colorful affirmative.

We left our imprint on the sand; the sea
or wind, in another season, cleaned this away,
and now, all black and white in each our minds
remains some blurry dent of how we lay,
some negative of warmth of other lips,
some scrape of sandy thighs, some taste of salt.
I forget, now, how it was—but how it ends
is negative, the afterglow of a glimpse—
turned inside out, unfleshed, with strength for fault,
remembered in the nerves transparently.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

MR. TYTELL REPLIES

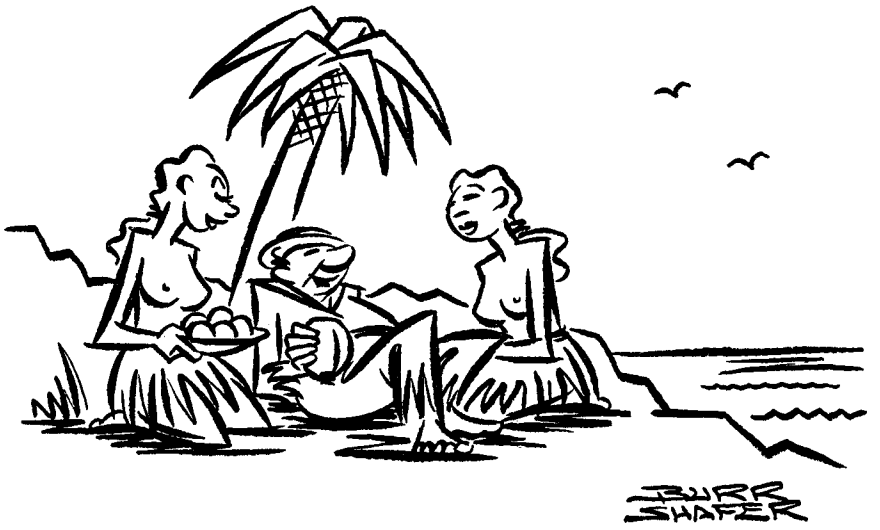
IN *SR* July 12 Victor Lasky returns to the charge, this time using what he calls a discussion of my "character and antecedents" as a platform from which to fire at your distinguished Editor-at-Large, Walter Millis. Again I am compelled to ask the courtesy of your columns to answer Lasky's statements and insinuations, insofar as they relate to me.

Characteristically of those who have a vested interest in maintaining Alger Hiss's guilt, Lasky tries to tar with the brush of Communism everyone connected with the Hiss defense, however specialized and technical the connection may have been. Thus, he says of me that I "was called to testify in the Subcommittee's hearings (*i.e.*, hearings of the Senate Internal Security Subcommittee) on the 'Scope of Soviet Activity in the United States after the Communist *Daily Worker*, introducing (me) as 'a distinguished scientist,' had devoted four Sunday instalments to (my) claim that Isaac Don Levine's charge that Stalin had been a Czarist agent was based on forged documents." What clearer evidence, he implies, than that in my professional engagement in connection with the Hiss defense I was simply a stooge of Moscow.

You and your readers should know the facts and background of my Senate Subcommittee testimony. Plainly and simply, it was the outgrowth of a scientific paper I delivered in December 1956, co-sponsored by the Society for the Advancement of Criminology. In that paper, entitled "Exposing a Documentary Hoax," I dealt with a letter allegedly written in 1913, identifying Stalin as at that time a Czarist spy. The letter had been "authenticated" by Isaac Don Levine in an article in *Life* in April 1956, and in a book, "Stalin's Great Secret," published thereafter. I cared and care not in the least whether Stalin was or was not a Czarist spy, but the letter reproduced in Levine's article and book was so obviously a forgery (a fact as apparent to my students in Police Science at Brooklyn College as to me) that as a matter of professional interest I thought it might be well worth looking into. First researches showed that the letter could not (as Levine claims as the cornerstone of his "authentication") have been written on a Remington typewriter, and as I was already planning a trip to Europe to visit police crime laboratories and similar institutions in various countries I decided to include in my agenda a check on the possible typewriter sources of the "Stalin Letter." At the conclusion of my trip I was satisfied that by even elementary standards of document identification the letter could not be genuine. The results of my investigation were published in my paper, "Exposing a Documentary Hoax."

Since my interest was purely professional, I showed my results to Levine well before publishing them, and offered him the opportunity of joining me in their presentation or, if he preferred, appearing on the same platform with me to try to rebut them. Although in a letter presumably written for the record he conceded the propriety of my "going ahead and publishing (my) own technical analysis of the typewriting and signature" of the letter (the authenticity of which he conceded was doubted by other "leading experts"), in conversation he expressed extreme resentment at having his own conclusions questioned. He referred to his powerful connections with Mr. Nixon, Mr. Dewey, and a variety of patriotic organizations.

I did not keep quiet, and my appearance before the Senate Subcommittee was the result. Apparently hanging its hat on the fact that the *Daily Worker*, for whatever reasons of its own, had chosen to republish my paper, the Subcommittee within a matter of six weeks called me for interrogation, having in the meantime (although this was concealed from me and my attorneys at the time) sent its then Director of Research to Europe to retrace some of my steps. I testified frankly and fully as to my investigative activities, techniques, and results. My testimony and supporting evidence, all made public at my own insistence, completely established that the letter Levine had purported to authenticate was a documentary hoax. At the conclusion of my testimony my attorney raised the possibility of just such a snide inference as Lasky would draw from the title given by the Subcommittee to its hearings, "Scope of Soviet Activity in the United States," and Mr. William A. Rusher, Associate Counsel to the Subcommittee, said for the record: "There is no allegation here, and never has been, that Mr. Tytell is an espionage agent. The title for the series of hearings is a standard one, from which I think no such unwarranted inference should be drawn."



THROUGH HISTORY WITH J. WESLEY SMITH

"So I said: 'Captain Bligh, we've put up with all we intend to take from you' and then—"

I cannot ask you for space to touch more than briefly on Lasky's falsifications of my testimony and my academic record—all of which, incidentally, seem to be based on the pamphlet Levine has been circulating. As to my testimony, I will have to stand on the published record itself, which completely refutes the Levine-Lasky charges. As to my academic and professional standing, the record is equally clear. In the academic year 1956-1957 I lectured at Brooklyn College for thirty-two teaching hours in the techniques of document identification. At New York University I collaborated in 1955-6 with Dean MacNamara of the New York Institute of Criminology in a course on the same subject in the Graduate School of Public Administration and Social Service. This course, being extremely specialized in nature, was not given the following year, but was given by me in 1957-8, the official bulletin of the University carrying me on the faculty list as a Lecturer in Law Enforcement. The 1958-1959 New York University *Bulletin of the Graduate School of Arts and Sciences*, the official University bulletin, again carried me among the faculty as a Lecturer, with the sub-description "Law Enforcement Research Scientist."

I have never, as Lasky would imply, sought membership in the American Society of Questioned Document Examiners—membership in which, as I understand it, is only by invitation. That I have not been invited is scarcely a surprise to me in view of the thoroughness with which my typewriter experiment in the Hiss case exposed the unreliability of the standard techniques of document identification upon which the august members of the Society rely. As to the New York State Division of the International Association for Identification, it is true that some two weeks ago I was advised that the Board had voted

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in May to terminate my membership, basing its action (without notice to me) on an *ex parte* presentation of the Levine pamphlet to which I have referred above. The matter is now under reconsideration, and I have no doubt that the action will be reversed.

In conclusion, let me repeat that while I know little of the merits of the Hiss case (except as they relate to the possibility of forgery by typewriter), I am beginning to appreciate the kind of campaign with which anyone connected with the Hiss defense, however incidentally, must apparently contend. I think it is regrettable that *The Saturday Review* should lend itself to this campaign, particularly since it is now extended to include me.

MARTIN K. TYTELL.

New York, N. Y.

MR. LEVINE RIPOSTES

IT WOULD BE UNFAIR to encroach upon your valuable space to expose all the misstatements, distortions, and innuendoes contained in Mr. Tytell's letter, when such a documented expose in a ninety-page printed report is available to all in Part 66 of the "Hearings of the Senate Internal Security Subcommittee," before which Mr. Tytell has been called twice to testify.

In my summary of that report, which I am glad to furnish, I have charged Mr. Tytell with perjury on at least four counts: (1) with reference to his employment by the Hiss defense to investigate the Yeremin document showing that Stalin had been a Czarist police informer; (2) about his search for the records of the death and gravestone of a possible witness of Stalin's service in the Okhrana whom I had tried to find; (3) when he presented a solicited second version of an affidavit and had suppressed the original version that did not suit his case; and (4) regarding the date of the manufacture of the Adler Russian-language typewriter, which was proven to be 1903 and not 1912 as Mr. Tytell had asserted—the keystone of his entire case.

In the light of the foregoing and the additional evidence in my possession, including correspondence from Mr. Tytell, that I had given him my full cooperation in his investigation of the Yeremin document, his allegation that I had boasted of my "powerful connections" with Nixon and Dewey and threatened to assail his reputation can only be called an unmitigated and unadulterated falsehood, as those close to Nixon and Dewey know only too well.

ISAAC DON LEVINE.

Waldorf, Md.

MR. COOK WEIGHS IN

VICTOR LASKY (*SR* July 12) seems intent upon proving that no man dare dissent about the justice of Alger Hiss's conviction without running the risk of deliberate distortion of his views and his motive. Not content with attacking my book, "The Unfinished Story of Alger Hiss," Mr. Lasky has now turned letter writer to attack Fred Rodell and Walter Millis, who happened not to agree with him. In so doing, he exhibits again as he did in his original criticism a fascinating technique—that of mounting a hobby horse and galloping furiously along all tangents that lead away from the real issues.

As far as the Hiss case is concerned, it would not have mattered had Mr. Tytell been the personal disciple of the arch fiend. The Hiss defense didn't hire Mr. Tytell for his beliefs or for any expression of opinion: it simply employed him to exercise his technical skill as a typewriter expert to build a typewriter to prove that forgery by typewriter was possible. Mr. Tytell built the machine. Other experts provided the opinions as to his success in establishing the possibility of typewriter forgery. The defense challenged the government to distinguish, if it could, the difference between the typing that came from the Tytell machine and the typing of the supposed Hiss machine introduced in evidence at the trials. The government chose not to accept this challenge. And that is all there is to the role of Martin Tytell in the Hiss case.

This deceptive pretense of objectivity and sincerity runs through Mr. Lasky's letter as it did through his original criticism. He takes the position that it is an established fact Alger Hiss was guilty; an established fact that he could never have been unjustly convicted, could never have been framed. Mr. Lasky shouts that he has offered conclusive "evidence" on this point. Yet nowhere does he define for the readers of the *SR* just what he considers evidence; nowhere is the strictly tangential nature of this so-called evidence made clear.

Our system of law has long established —and not from any technical, haggling legal viewpoint but from the necessity of establishing ground rules to arrive at truth—that rumor and innuendo and hearsay are not evidence. This type of evidence may be offered before Congressional committees, where rules of jurisprudence go out the window; but unless we are going to abandon our system of justice and let Congressional committees decide the vital question of guilt or innocence, the kind of "evidence" that Mr. Lasky cited in his review has no pertinence.

Let me cite just two examples to make the point crystal clear. First, Mr. Lasky has accused me of suppressing vital testimony offered by Elizabeth Bentley. This is what happened: Miss Bentley testified before both Senate and House committees in 1948; she was on the stand repeatedly both before and after Whittaker Chambers offered his accusing testimony against Hiss. She named everyone in government about whom she appeared to have the slightest knowledge—and she never mentioned Hiss.

The inevitable assumption was that she had no information to offer. But in August 1951, with rumbles of the new Hiss appeal in the offing, the Senate Internal Securities Committee splashed a number of new Hiss charges into the newspaper headlines. One of these dealt with additional testimony by Miss Bentley.

In recounting the story of her spy contacts in the State Department, she said that she had learned on one occasion that some other mysterious figure whom she did not know was operating a spy cell there. She had queried her sources trying to find out the identity of this rival spy master; at first they wouldn't tell her; finally, they named Hiss.

Leaving aside the curious fact that Miss Bentley did not even mention Hiss in 1948 when accusation was the order of the day and Hiss was the prime target, this much is clear: her testimony was completely hearsay and never possibly could be offered in a court of law. So true is this that, although Miss Bentley testified before the Senate committee in August 1951, and although the final arguments on the Hiss appeal were not heard until June, 1952, the government itself made no reference to her testimony and did not try to cite it in court.

In similar fashion, Mr. Lasky mentions a 1945 memorandum by J. Edgar Hoover accusing Hiss. But he did not tell the readers of the *SR* that this same memorandum accused thirty-seven persons in the government of having been Communist spies and that a federal grand jury, after probing the information for eighteen months, indicted just two—Hiss and William W. Remington, both cases which have created some of the greatest issues in our time about the quality of justice. It is significant, too, that this memorandum of Mr. Hoover's was dated in November 1945, and that the second Hiss trial did not end until January 1950. The government, in other words, had ample opportunity to use any evidence contained in the memorandum, if evidence it was, and the government did not use it.

I began my research into the Hiss case pretty firmly convinced that Hiss was guilty of everything that had been charged against him. As I dug more deeply into the case, I found myself absolutely unable to believe the prosecution's evidence. For those sincerely concerned about vital issues of justice, I would suggest a simple test. Go to a major library and ask for the record of testimony given before the House Un-American Activities Committee in 1948. Read the relatively few pages that deal with the secret testimony of Aug.7, 1948, when Whittaker Chambers first tried to detail his accusations and his knowledge of Hiss. Then sit and reflect for a moment upon the inaccuracies of some of this testimony, its vagueness and its almost complete conflict with the perfected story finally presented in court. It may seem impossible to Mr. Lasky that anyone except a "Hissite" (a new breed of man whom he has invented) can have doubts about the Hiss case; but I am willing to wager that anyone with a half-open mind will be shaken and perhaps shocked by the contrast between the Whittaker Chambers of August 7 and the Whittaker Chambers of the trial record.

FRED J. COOK.

New York, N.Y.

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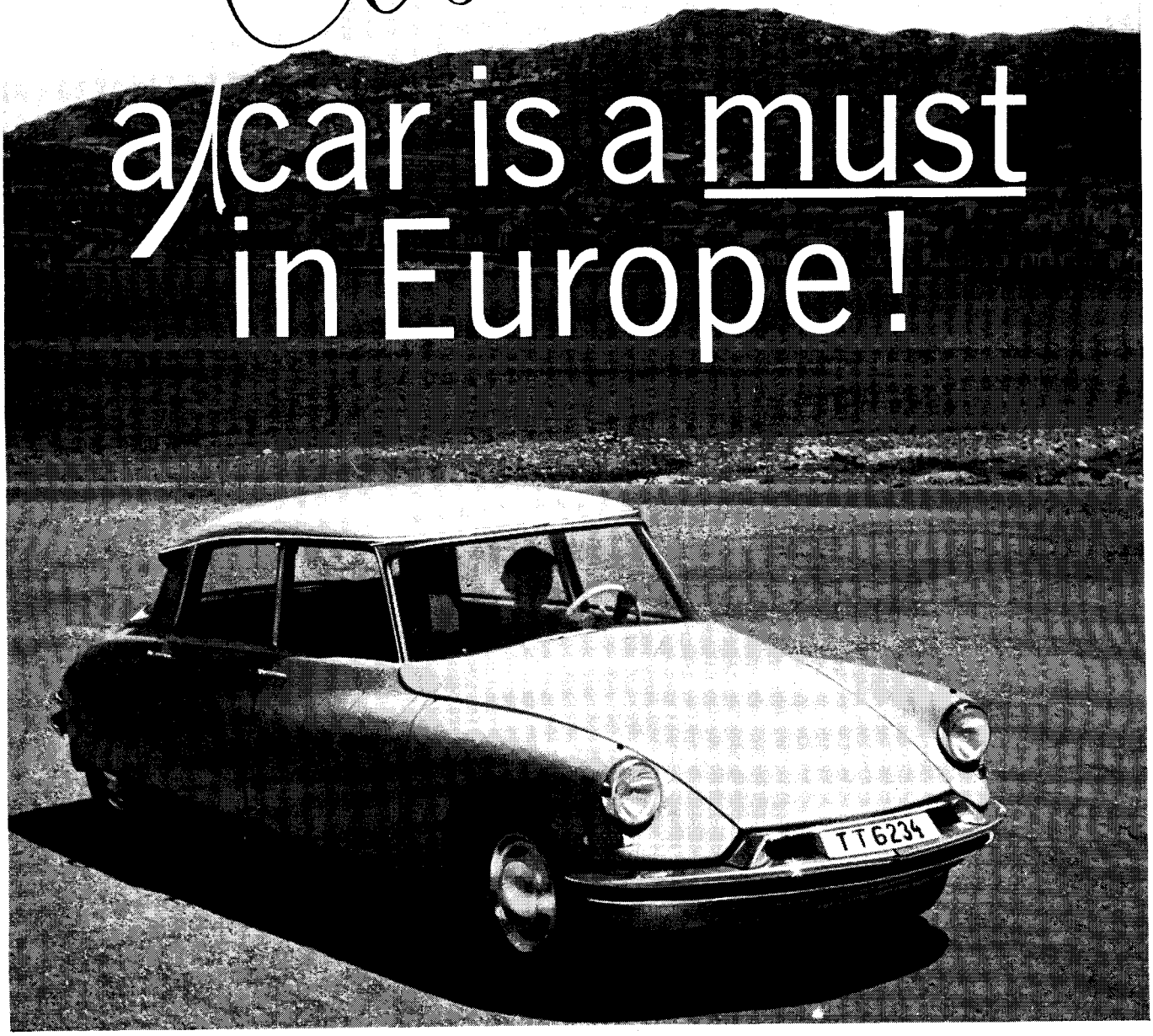

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NEW YORK:

THE TOWN, THE TOILERS, THE TINSEL

IT IS probably an exaggerated claim that born-and-bred New Yorkers begin to develop tics and twitches about the age of eleven. Being one of the breed I don't remember being conscious of nerves until at least a decade later, but then there was the relief of those summers spent at camp in Maine and the five-year tour out of town with the forces of Uncle Sugar. Since developing the indigenous disease, however, I have begun to wonder how it might have been to have been born somewhere else, as for example, Elyria, Ohio, and to have owned a small gas station. I have come to the conclusion that to be born in New York is to find oneself enmeshed in a miserable alliance with a much older charmer. It's terrible for your liver, but you can't give it up.

I am not altogether sure it is possible to live in New York, just as I'm not altogether sure it would be possible to live anywhere else. This very issue is debated on the ensuing pages by Leonard Lyons, the Broadway columnist, and Ira Gershwin, a Broadway bard once removed. Betty Comden and Adolph Green are two of the nation's arch collaborators in the matters of musical comedy, both stage and movies. Joseph Kaselow is the advertising columnist of the *New York Herald Tribune*; Pyke Johnson, Doubleday's editor for Anchor Books; as for Irving Kolodin, his world is music, and his home is the *Saturday Review*. Their collective recommendations on where the 14 millions who visit New York each year can meet and mingle with luminaries of kindred interests appear in the folios that follow. Paul Rudolph, thirty-nine-year-old chairman of the architecture department at Yale, examines the Changing Face of New York, and John O'Reilly, a writer who occupies himself with nature, has a look at wild life in the Big City. The final word on New York has been left to the man who always has it—a New York City cabdriver. He is Sam Braverman, and excerpts from his work are here because I got into his cab the other day and he said, "Well, I just finished my book." That is not unusual in New York, a city where alligators live in the sewer pipes and you can hear the ulcers coming up like thunder when you're in Weehawken across the bay.

—HORACE SUTTON,
Travel Editor.

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NEW YORK IS A GREAT PLACE TO BE...

By LEONARD LYONS

—*El Morocco.*

Leonard Lyons at work in New York.

I'M A street-corner guy, by nature and inclination, Manhattan-born and city-bred. Oh, I've been around, too; you name it and I'll bet I've been there, from Rio to Rangoon and the Nevski to the Nile. I've also seen much of America, from the prairie towns to the wild, seaport cities. I've found no other place where I'd rather live.

New York is the Capital of Everything—Industry, Music, Art, Finance, Sports, Medicine, Journalism, Entertainment. Its roaring streets are my natural habitat, where I best can fulfil the daily search for the wonders of life. Peace and quiet are for death and poets. Give me lights and sound and people and music far into the night.

Corny? Perhaps. It was Clifford Odets who said that corn is pure, 100 per cent American. He said it in New York, before he went to Hollywood to disappear into that sunny bourne from which gifted dramatists and songwriters seldom return or are ever heard from again. Harry Kurnitz, who *did* return from that Poppyland, described life in sunny California as akin to that feeling produced by sinking into a bed of warm farina.

It was in Hollywood that I once heard Ira Gershwin say, "I'm about to go upstairs and change the ribbon on my typewriter. For me, out here, such a project constitutes a full day's work." Gershwin has become so immobilized that he won't even take a walk around the corner. He would have no part, except royalty-wise, of the long, sensational tour of "Porgy and Bess" and finally was lured to the Moscow premiere only when the perceptive director-producer, Robert Breen, cabled him: "Come and see how we've changed your lyrics."

"Barrrrrooop, Barrrrrooop, Barrrrroop," Jimmy Durante once shouted. "That's traffic noise in New York. I like it, noise and New York." This was the day after he had sold his briefly-occupied hilltop home in Hollywood, explaining: "Who d'ya call for help?" I too prefer the crowds and Satchmo trumpeting at the moon, streets lit brilliantly and laughter coming out of joints in a row.

Provincial? Sure we New Yorkers are provincial. The fact is that New York is a union of distinct provinces, developed from settlements of immigrants who came to cluster among their European kinsmen. New York's neighborhoods therefore have different tongues and accents, different customs, holidays, and ways of life—with rivalries often as militant as those between Peiping and Taipei.

In New York you can get a chance to become anything you want to be, no matter what your origins; for in our vast numbers there not only is safety —enough to satisfy Durante's concern about help, police or medical—but also markets in every conceivable field. Our city's two greatest mansions, Billy Rose's on East 93rd and Ben Sonnenberg's on Gramercy Park, are occupied by men whose first homes here were in tenements. Both Roosevelts, Teddy and Franklin D., fulfilled their Presidential dreams in New York. And here too, from different backgrounds, emerged the runners-up, Smith and Dewey, Willkie and Hughes, John W. Davis and Nicholas Murray Butler.

Despite Texas's legends, New York's prizes remain the highest—whether for a Billy Graham Crusade, a Picasso exhibit at the Modern Museum, or for an unknown with vision and talent. Outside the theatre, at a recent performance of "My Fair Lady," there were five Rolls-Royce cars, purchased with the legal earnings of men who'd arrived from varied routes: The first belonged to Alan Jay Lerner, adapter and lyricist of the musical, who was born rich in Manhattan. The second car was Frederick Loewe's, the composer who was born in Vienna. The third was their agent's, I. P. Lazar, who came from Brooklyn. The fourth Rolls belonged to Herman Levin, the Philadelphian who produced the show.

The fifth Rolls-Royce was Louis Marx's, who started here and became the world's foremost toy manufacturer. His children's godparents include President Eisenhower and Generals George Marshall, Omar Bradley, Curt LeMay, Rosey O'Donnell, and Bedell Smith. His Rolls was waiting to pick up a friend, Prince Bernhard

(*Continued on page* 46)

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. . . BUT I WOULDN'T WANT TO LIVE THERE

By IRA GERSHWIN

I WAS born on Manhattan's lower East Side at the tail end of the last century—at 60 Eldridge Street, according to my birth certificate. That address brings no memories, because a year or so later we moved to Brooklyn where my brother George was born twenty months after me. We must have lived there on Snedeker Avenue two or three years because I was old enough to be aware of the two-story house with trees on each side, and a fenced-in yard where grapes grew; and to remember that until I was five I wore starched dresses and long golden curls. Not sissy, this. My mother told me years later it had been quite the style for little boys. (Too, I learned that in those solid dollar days the rent for the house had been only fourteen dollars a month; and that when our boarder, Mr. Taffelstein, a collector for the Singer Sewing Machine Company, was raised to three dollars a week from two-fifty, he felt he could afford to get married, and did.)

From Brooklyn we moved back to Manhattan (my father, a designer of women's shoe uppers, had given up his specialty to become part owner of a Turkish bath at Broome and the Bowery) and we now lived on Chrystie Street where I went to kindergarten (short pants, no curls).

Then we moved to a flat at Forsyth and Delancey. And I was upped from kindergarten to 1A, P.S. 20, at Forsyth and Rivington. I was there about a year when we moved again; then, several schools later, I found myself uptown in one on 125th Street. The Turkish bath, no bonanza, had been given up by my father and Uncle Harry for a restaurant on Third Avenue near 129th, a block or so from the Harlem River. Next to the restaurant were the Third Avenue trolley car barns. And on the same block was a theatre (burlesque? vaudeville?) whose ticket-taker was a customer of ours. He passed me in once with my father, and I recall two songs: "Wait 'Til the Sun Shines, Nellie" and another about an unfortunate family's vicissitudes and contretemps, the much-repeated eight-bar refrain of which was easily assimilable:

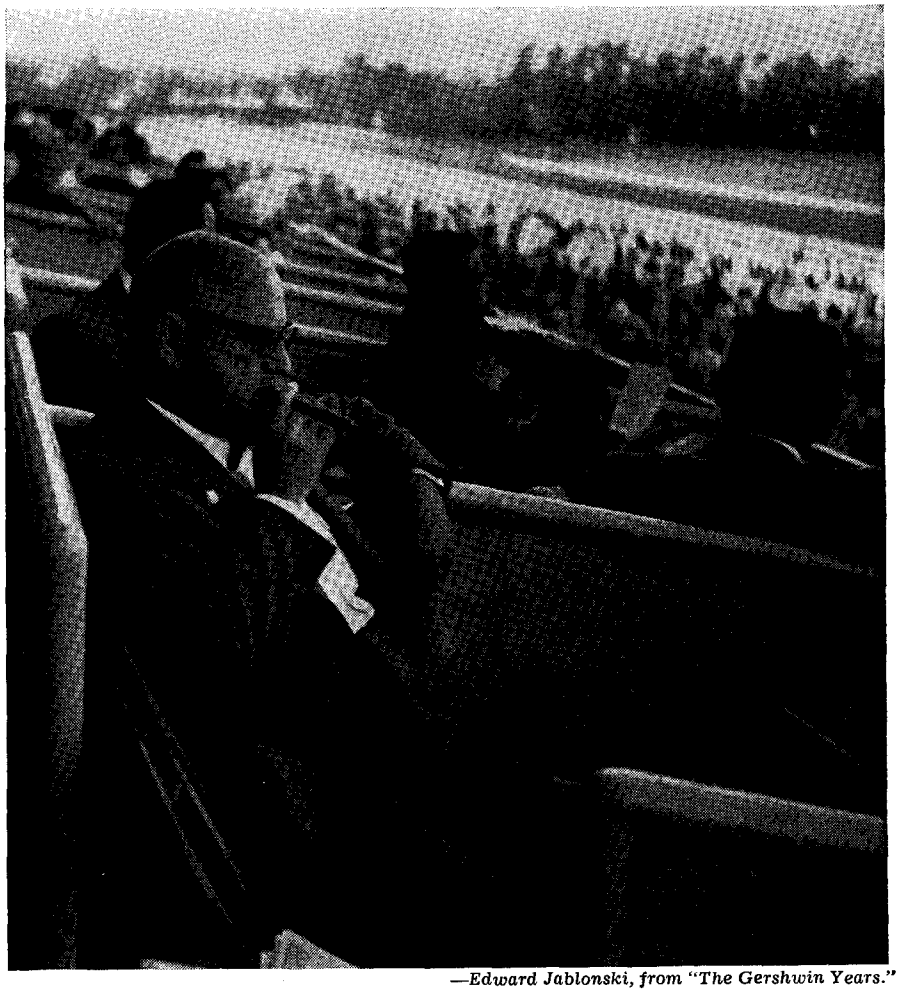
There was Mr. Damn and Mrs. Damn,
And the Damn kids two or three,
U. B. Damn and I. B. Damn
And the whole Damn family.

At the age of nine I was back again at P.S. 20, because the Harlem restaurant had been given up for one on Forsyth, between Hester and Grand Streets. Here business was pretty good, for in addition to our regular customers we supplied through an opening in the wall the hungry in adjacent Wolpin's Turkish Baths, owned by one of my Uncle Harry's brothers.

It would take too long to go into any detail about the flats and apartments we kept moving out of and into, all depending on my father's various ventures and financial statuses. Suffice it that in the 1931 biography of my brother, Isaac Goldberg wrote, "In moments filched from the stern business of lyric-writing, Ira has computed that up to 1916 the Gershwins had been domiciled in twenty-eight different residences. . . ."

So peregrinatory a Manhattan boyhood forty, even fifty, years later must make a sixty-year-old mind a repository for memories as varied as: The horse-drawn street cars on Delancey Street, their stoves hot in winter; the trips with other kids to Chinatown to buy sugar cane at about a cent a foot; learning to swim in the mucky Harlem River; picking up some Italian phrases to serve as passwords in case you were ganged up on around Mulberry Street (a ploy which sometimes worked—if it didn't you got at least a sock on the jaw and ran like hell); the laundry with

(*Continued on page* 48)



—*Edward Jablonski, from "The Gershwin Years."*

Ira Gershwin at work in California.

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WHERE THEY MEET AND MINGLE

A Selection of Bistros in Which New York's Creative Trades Eat to Meet

—*Jay Seymour.*

Sardi's—Chicken à la Sardi and a lifesized effigy of Brooks Atkinson.

1. The Theatre

By BETTY COMDEN and ADOLPH GREEN

IN ONE version of our first show "On the Town"—a version which happily never saw the light—we had planned to include a walk-on role of a bedraggled hobo type parading up and down Times Square in a sandwich sign reading "Dine at Voisin—All you can eat for $100." Of course neither of us had ever been at that elegant eatery. At the time we depended for our gustatory adventures on the Eighth Street Jefferson Diner or the kindness of strangers. The years between "On the Town" and our current "Bells Are Ringing" have given us an uneasy entree into the above distinguished restaurant, and into some of the others in town, the front windows of which are still smoky from the memory of our cold pale little faces pressed hungrily against the glass eons ago; places like the Colony, Chambord, "21," and Henri Soulé's celestial Le Pavillon. Though none of these marvelous restaurants can by any stretch of the imagination be labeled a "theatrical hangout" they are sort of "second homes" to certain theatrical and motion picture personalities who have rarified tastes, and who are in outer space tax brackets. As for us, we do not go to Le Pavillon three times a day seven days a week. On the happy occasions when we do enter through its elegant portals for dinner, we still inwardly hear the clicking of castanets and a heavenly choir shouting "It is Fiesta Time!"

There is still only one restaurant in New York that is undeniably the recognized Number One theatrical fever spot, and that is Sardi's on West 44th Street. By this we mean that you will find theatrical people there—actors, writers, directors, producers—all the time, not a handful, but droves of them partaking of the excellent food and drinks for lunch, cocktails, pre-theatre dinner, after-theatre supper till three A.M. On some days the same people, sometimes including ourselves, either remain through or return for all four high spots of the day. The general social activity is sometimes dizzying, with neck-craning in all directions and enough table-hopping to warrant mounting the chairs on pogo sticks. The atmosphere of this place with its hundreds of caricatures festooning the walls has been reproduced in many motion pictures, so that visitors to New York "take it in" like the Statue of Liberty and the Rockettes. These folk, plus average non-theatrical New Yorkers jam the joint to the rafters at all the key hours. And should they happen to be present immediately following the opening night performance of a new play or musical, they might be witness to a theatrical event that could be a climactic scene from a highly romanticized motion picture of theatrical life. First, there is the standing ovation as the stars, principals, and authors enter and stand transfixed in the doorway with a "Who, little me?" expression on their faces as the applause rings in their ears. Then comes the general festive greeting and flowing champagne which continues until about 12:30, when it is replaced by silence filled with unbearable tension as advance copies of the *Times* and *Tribune*, with the drama reviews, are distributed. Then ensues a feverish rustling to find the right page, a moment possibly of casual amusement to the outsider, but to anyone in the theatre, a moment of sickening portentousness. Here it is—the verdict—the climax of a year or more of blood, sweat, tears, sweat, tears, blood, blood, and blood. The next moment will bring either dancing in the streets, or the hasty purchase of sack-cloth and ashes and the search for a life-sized effigy of Brooks Atkinson suitable for hanging. This is drama, folks, whether triumph or disaster—larger than life, twice as wide as cinemascope. Yet at the next table someone may be saying "Waiter, I'll have the chicken à la Sardi and a cup of tea."

WE personally have not been young actors for a considerable spell, but a large bunch of acting, dancing, and singing boys and girls gravitate these days toward a large old-fashioned bar and eatery called Downey's, on Eighth Avenue. The atmosphere mingles young Beatniks, Methodniks, ballet- and societyniks, in an aura of overdue haircuts and beer. After theatre the air, though frenzied, is about as sinful as Pa Jenks's Sugar Bowl.

If we were to follow one of our theatrical friends of an evening when he heads for the East Side in search of conviviality, drinks and filet mignon tid-bits, we might pause in one of several places; Michael's Pub on East 48th Street, P. J. Clark's on Third Avenue, or for a jazzier atmosphere with band music and dancing to accompany the chomping of his gums, the Harwyn Club or even the sainted El Morocco, rechristened by this very same bar-fly theatrical friend of ours as "Elmer's." All through these rounds we would continually encounter the welcome sight of the quietly keen-eyed and friendly person of Leonard Lyons, who has been transported mysteriously from place to place with the speed of light, but without the unhappy results that befell the luckless science hero of "The Fly."

For even later dropping in there

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are two places we know—the Little Club on East 55th, a chic but informal place run by Billy Reed, and Goldie's New York on 53rd, even more informal and owned by Goldie Hawkins who doubles on the piano. Besides their friendly atmosphere, they have one important thing in common for us; there is a continual stream of show tunes played on the piano at each place, and when we enter the pianists often swing into a medley of our efforts—many of them so obscure they might as well have been chiseled on stone in some ancient forgotten cuneiform—but they give us the heady feeling as we dash back and forth from one place to the other, that the whole nation is singing our songs.

Sunday is of course the day when theatrical people as well as the average citizenry are inclined to relax into a stupor, with the Sunday papers and salami rinds both piled high on the living room floor. Yet somehow hundreds of us on Sunday night may find ourselves jammed together cheek by jowl, in several far-flung restaurants around town. One of the outstanding among these is Lüchow's on 14th Street, which has enjoyed a tremendous renaissance in recent years under the aegis of Jan Mitchell. This spacious many-roomed restaurant with its excellent German food and atmosphere, is a living breathing relic of late nineteenth-century grandeur. One expects its merry noise and bustle, mingled with the strains of "Alt Wien," to be suddenly silenced by the announcement—"His Majesty—the Emperor!" But instead of the entrance of the familiar stooped and whiskered figure of the beloved Franz Joseph, one is more likely to witness the arrival of Irving Lazar, Jule Styne, or Ethel Merman.

For Sunday nights there is also Cherio's, the East Side Sardi's, the popular new Polynesian-style Trader Vic's, and for the rest of the week as well, the famous Dinty Moore's, and faithful Reuben's, which never closes.

Actually however, when theatre people work, and we sometimes do, you will find us at meal time, not in any public eating place caught up in the torrent of food, drinks, and social expansiveness, but rather huddled together in a darkened theatre or a smoke-filled room—taking a disgusted sip of cold coffee from a soggy cardboard container in which someone has already doused a cigarette, or perhaps abstractedly picking the last few raisins from a petrified hunk of Danish pastry. The hell with food! The theatre is a temple of the arts. As the ethereal Eleonora Duse once said, "For God's sake, just burn it a little on the outside—I want the center completely rare!"

WHERE THEY MEET AND MINGLE

2. The Music Circle

By IRVING KOLODIN

Moore—Gino's was a favorite. Callas—Pavillon was a possibility. Rubinstein — Sardines were a problem. Tebaldi — Dieting was a rumor.

MUSICIANS can be found eating in New York at the Automat and also at the Colony. In fact, musicians when eating can be found at the Oak Room of the Plaza, Sardi's, the Stage Delicatessen, Voisin, Pavillon, the Hamburger Ranch at 7th Avenue and 40th Street, the Blue Ribbon on 44th Street, Lüchow's, the uptown Lindy's, one or two Longchamps, Romeo Salta's, the Russian Tearoom of course, Willie's Food Shop, which shares the same roof as the Metropolitan Opera House, Gino's Italian Restaurant on Lexington near 61st (a favorite haunt of the late Grace Moore as it was of Fred Allen and is still of Ed Sullivan), and Charles in the Village.

The expression "when eating," poignant though it may sound, is not without point. Musicians, like others, like to eat well—in fact, they may be said to have an affection for food and drink inverse to but not necessarily associated with their celebrity. Through history, they have been known as gourmandizers and wine bibbers. Consequently, each successive generation tries to live up to the responsibilities put upon it by their bygone opposite numbers. As they move up the economic scale from bit-players to principals and perhaps to stardom they have to upgrade their eating habits accordingly.

Oddly enough, they don't necessarily eat *better* as they become more famous. When Maria Callas was obscure and hefty, she could scarcely come by the earnings to keep soul and that body together. Now that she is famous and able to afford Pavillon, she is also slender and dieting. There are rumors that Renata Tebaldi is also watching her weight, which is fine on stage, but what does that do to the restaurateur whose premises she prefers?

Eating habits are not only conditioned by economics, but also by the forms of self-expression pursued. You are as unlikely to find a Russian violinist eating at Fontana di Trevi on 57th Street as you are to find an Italian baritone in the Russian Tearoom, though they are across the street from each other. If you dote on Wagnerian singers or conductors of the German repertory, you are wasting your time looking for them in Sardi's. The Blue Ribbon on 44th Street (within walking distance of the Met between rehearsals) provides the knackwurst, *saladen*, and stein of *dunkles* in keeping with the repertory they profess. This timehonored hostelry also provides wall-space for photographs of reigning Wagnerian celebrities and some of the past (retained, I suspect, in proportion to the patronage they dispensed in the form of free tickets). What happens when the Met moves to Lincoln Square is disturbing to contemplate. There will have to be an uptown Blue Ribbon.

KEEPING up with the Callases is a social fad that only the well-heeled can afford, for she would no more break bread in a Longchamps than she would sing for cut rates. At lunchtime (on a day, of course, when she is not singing) she might be seen at Pavillon (non-eating, but being

(*Continued on page* 51)

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—Otto Litzel.

THE CHANGING FACE OF NEW YORK

By PAUL RUDOLPH

FAMILIAR landmarks of great bulk disappear today in New York and are replaced by cellophane wrapped giants, but there is great apathy over the deposed and the character of that which replaces them. Interestingly enough only one journal runs regular critiques concerning this phenomena. The only thing that stays the same in New York are the streets, although the ratio of enclosed usable space to vehicular space was thought to be unbearable thirty years ago. The number of miles of elevators long ago overtook the miles of streets. This building orgy has produced more atrocities than any other period. Why?

Technically we can do almost anything, but this actually makes it more difficult since the choices are multiplied. There are at least four reasons why we are not improving the environment (except possibly for landowners) which I shall outline.

First; the Ecole Des Beaux Arts principles and theories which dominated the nineteenth century proved inadequate for the twentieth. Modern architecture has produced brilliant theories for individual buildings but so far has thrown little light on how to relate one building to another or to the street or city. We build endless streets leading on, on, on, with advertisements shouting stop, stop, stop. We build incoherent assemblages of structure, each crying for as much attention as possible. For instance Park Avenue, north of Grand Central Station was a typical Ecole des Beaux Arts concept, *i.e.,* apartment houses more or less the same height and scale lined the grand avenue leading up to the great gateway. This was a simple scheme to which most architects of the day subscribed. The avenue was rendered cohesive even though many contributed to the complex. Their aims and ideals were unified.

Today Park Avenue has exploded. By 1961 the area from Grand Central to the Sixties will be almost completely rebuilt with billboard-like buildings, each shouting for as much attention as possible. The area will have two of the country's best (Seagram and Lever), and some of the worst. It is tragic that often the best is compromised by its neighbors. For example a plaza was proposed on the Park Avenue side of Seagram's northern neighbor, the Astor building. The two plazas would have cancelled each other for it would have become merely a widening of the avenue rather than a defined space for pedestrians only. Fortunately, economies dictated the elimination of Astor's plaza so that Seagram's plaza will have its desperately needed third side after all. One way towards a more comprehensive New York is for each building at least to respect its neighbor.

Secondly, if we are to avoid building atrocities we must revaluate our hierachy of building types and suitable techniques of expression for them. Traditionally the gateway to the city, the place of worship, the governmental building, the palace, the institutional building, and the meeting places of the people became focal points. These buildings were given status by their prominent siting, by the ample space left in front of the building to allow comprehensive viewing, by the manipulation of the angle of vision, by the abundant play of light and shadow, by their dominant silhouette, by the stepping up of scale, and by sculpture, painting, fountains and landscaping. These focal points were carefully juxtaposed to much quieter building types such as housing, office buildings, shops, all of which were usually restrained in design, and certainly did not dare to assert themselves in the presence of the important symbols of the culture. This careful hierarchy was bound into a whole by plazas, courts, loggias, places, arcades, promenades, and grand stairways for the pedestrian only.

Today there is no hierarchy of

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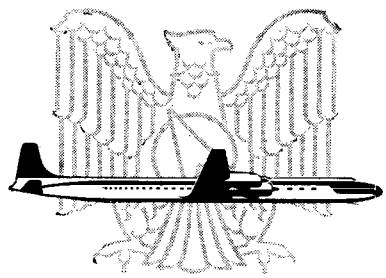

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building types. Hot dog stands assimilate opera houses, institutions look like factories, apartment houses like office buildings, churches like oversized cottages, office buildings are packages of air conditioning and other mechanical marvels (whatever space is left over is used by humans).

The appropriateness of this or that technique tends to elude us. The revenue laden multi-stories office building dominates the cityscape by size alone. The post World War II decades may eventually be called by architectural historians "The Rise and Fall of the Curtain Wall." The alignment of curtain-walled buildings alongside our endless streets suggests large rolls of wallpaper pasted on. Sometimes the wallpaper appears as if it were about to crumple and fall. The window wall manufacturers are jumping. Driving around New York is rather like flipping through the pages of the window manufacturers' catalogues, except it in interrupted by the stamped metal stampede. Certainly an all glass building can be beautifully handled and can be defended technically. However, the important thing about these taut glass sheathed glass buildings is their reflective quality. Lever House would not be half as effective if it did not have the Racquet Club and plenty of clouds and sky for its reflections. But glass buildings reflecting each other is a very different matter. (One wonders what it will be like when four all glass buildings at an intersection will be completed.) We may be building overgrown mirrored barber shops. So far the grill gripe hasn't hit the city. The reduction of everything to a rectangle is an outgrowth of the modular concept and the machine process, but one inevitably longs for buildings conceived in terms of light and shadow as well as for their reflective quality. Furthermore these office blocks seldom respect the age old principle that the design of an element close at hand varies from that at a distance. We are more concerned with the first three or four floors than the upper ones, yet few of our buildings take this into consideration.

Thirdly, if New York is to become physically more dynamic it will learn anew how to protect its unique spaces and to dispose its new buildings to create different kinds of space. The quiet, enclosed, isolated, shaded space, such as the Cloisters; the hustling, bustling space, pungent with vitality such as Times Square (it is best at night because the architecture has disappeared and crude, bold, unsubtle, but dynamic artificial light is in command giving us a touch of the future); the paved, dignified, vast, sumptuous, even awe-inspiring space, such as the Western approach to Columbia

(*Continued on page* 42)

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MEMOIRS OF A NEW YORK CABBIE

Being Vignettes from an Account of "the Odd Encounters of a Veteran New York Cabdriver, Together with the Shrewd Comments and Sage Philosophy Distilled from a Lifetime of Scrounging the Metropolitan Streets for a Living."

By SAM BRAVERMAN, Hack License #61028

I BEEN driving the night-shift for fifteen years and got my education the hard way. One New Year's Eve, for example, I pull out the cab like a candidate for the looney-bin. In no time flat I feel like I'm fighting for a month in the trenches. Drunks are running around like goof-balls, the clip joints are operating full-blast, and the way-wood girls are asking four to five times their true value. Knowing I ought to have my noggin examined by a head-shrinker for pulling the cab out, I am all the time avoiding crazy-drunk type pedestrians smack in the middle of Times Square, where my fare had me drop him off. Suddenly, Bang! fists are flying in all directions for the possession of my hack, and bedlam breaks loose. I decide to scram. Pulling my ignition key I hightail it for the nearest shelter but my doors are almost ripped off, one light is smashed, and by the time I pull into the garage I got a good imitation of the DTs on. All I can do is be thankful I'm still in one piece.

The following day I receive the inside dope from a philosophical cabbie at the garage. He said I should stay Kosher at all times, never pick up a woman with six dogs, talk my head off sociable-like with the passengers (what in English is called to be a Gabby Cabbie), and use Vaseline to keep my hair down.

• • But to tell you the truth, cabbies are just like everybody else. There are decent cabbies and mean ones, honest guys and crooks, good drivers and bad. There are plenty of real characters among them too.

The Wizard, who hacks around Midtown and who's got more college degrees than I got traffic tickets, once introduced me to a cabbie called Racetrack Charlie. Being short and stout, looking like something out of a Boris Karloff movie plus a small goatee added, Charlie spends all his time at the racetrack picking up the discarded pari-mutuel tickets, hoping to find a winner.

"He's still at it," the Wizard tells me. "Going on twelve years now. And poor slob, he never found a winner yet."

Also well-known in the Midtown circuit is one of the meanest cabbies in the business, known as Harry the Chisler. Having somewhat of a sense of humor when not abominably drunk, one could quickly see that the Chisler was usually doped up with some kind of snow, which he may have previously learned to use. He crashes hack-lines, shortchanges his fares, takes them the longest way possible, cusses at everyone who takes an empty cab alongside him, loves to blind oncoming motorists with bright lights, knocks over an occasional fire

hydrant just for the fun of it, and with all that is known to be the smallest booker in the entire garage.

I know that there are chislers in every field of endeavor. Some are weeded out by the public, some by their own associates, and some receive the just desserts due to them.

One of the nuttiest cabbies we knew was Gunga Din. We named him that because he's constantly filling his radiator with water, whether it needs it or not. Being strictly an airport cabbie, the sight of planes landing and taking off has him so fascinated that he knows the serial number of every plane, its dimensions, and the brand name of the fish they serve on Fridays.

• • The boss of the city when it rains, as every New Yorker knows, is the taxidriver. Business is plentiful and we are the apple in everyone's eye. This rainy morning, a woman gets into my cab and opens up a horoscope book. She shows it to me and then asks, "Is Leo the Lion a good mate for me now? You see, he's around Capricorn."

Does she think a simple question like that is going to stump a cabbie, even if I never saw a horoscope book in my life? I take the book from her and show her that Leo the Lion is a bad risk right now, on account of we are in the holiday season called "Lent." I tell her, "The best mate for you right now is Pisces the Fish." She agrees with me, and I also add, just for good measure, "Don't forget Christmas. It only comes once this year."

CELEBRITIES IN MY REAR-VIEW MIRROR

• Mae West is O.K. though I haven't room in my cab for all her body-guards.

• It's still very hard for me to make up my mind about Christine Jorgenson.

• I've often wondered how Boris Karloff would make out doing the night-shift.

• I once asked Perry Como for a hair-cut. He handed me a two-dollar tip to go somewhere else, as he was very busy just then.

• Xavier Cugat once let me touch his dog.

THOUGHTS WONDERED WHILE WAITING AT A HACK STAND: I WONDER WHY . .

• Bald-headed men always hit their head when getting into a cab.

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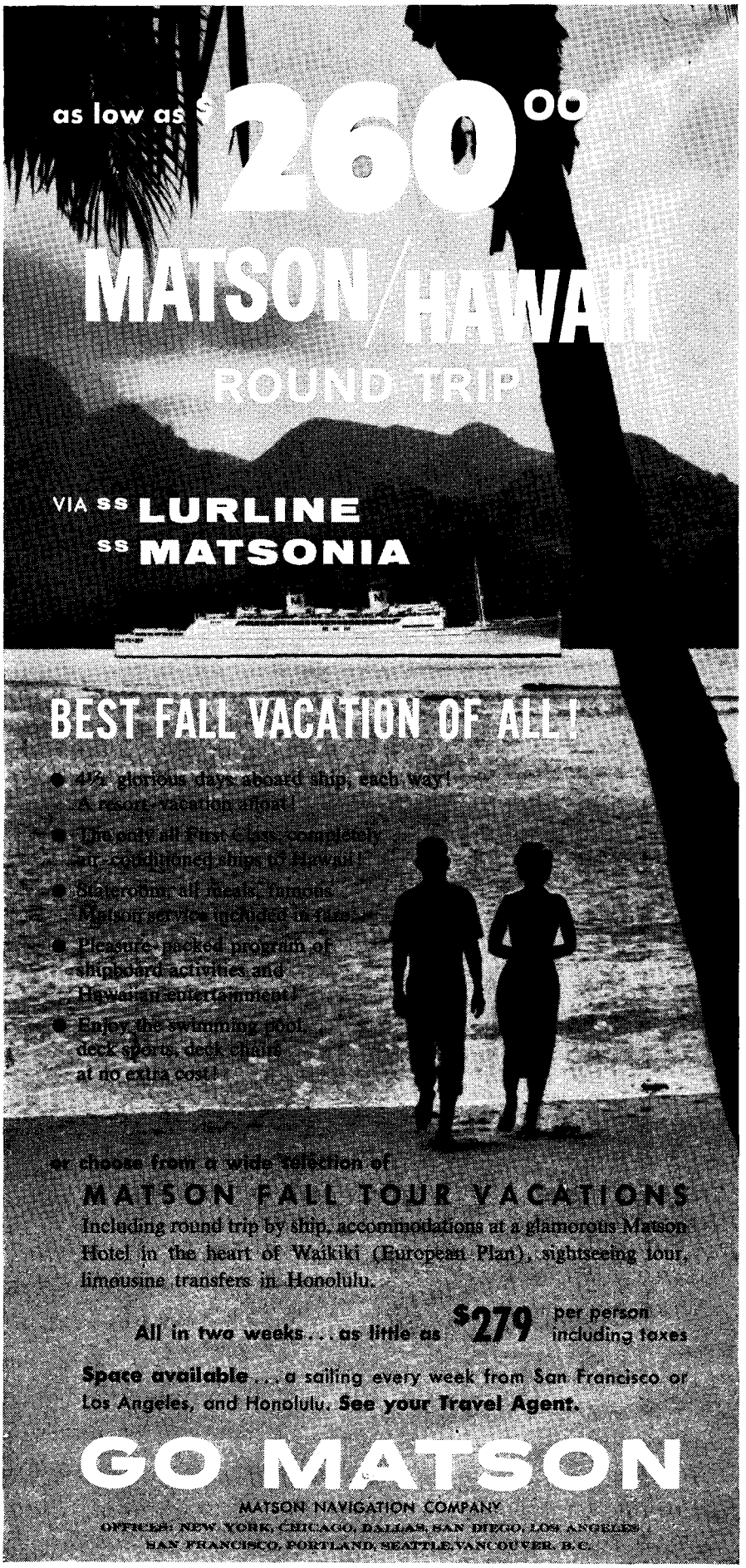
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- Old cabbies are very grouchy.
- When a fellow wants to kiss some new date he hails a cab.
- The sharpies are the worst tippers.
- So many cabbies play the horses.
- The cabbie is a soft touch.
- It's so thrilling to lose a motorcycle cop, when being chased.
- We sometimes come very close to your feet, when you're stuck in the middle of the street.
- There is so much delight, when making a sharp turn, and throwing the passenger over to the other side.
- Fat men like to ride on the jockey seat.
- Old battleaxes use the cab for a powder room.
- The loud-mouthed ones usually leave their quiet companions to pay the fare.
- Nobody ever relaxes in a cab, although several signs tell you to.
- A taxidriver can learn more vulgar language in one month than other people can learn in a lifetime.
- Rainy-weather riders always ask you how business is.
- I am a cabdriver.

GOTHAM CABBIE'S LEXICON

- *A pound*—five dollars.
- *Riding the ghost*—an empty cab, with the meter registering, so as to have enough money to turn into the boss.
- *On the arm*—driving a passenger with the meter not registering.
- *Around the horn*—going to Idlewild the long way.
- *The holes*—the downstairs driveways of Grand Central and Penn Stations.
- *Young Cowboy*—a fledgling cabbie.
- *Old Cowboy*—a very grouchy individual.
- *Pork Chops*—an early cabdriver, hustling quickly, before the other cabs start coming out.
- *Working a single*—working very long hours, with no night driver to take over at shift time.
- *Meat Ball*—a cabbie that is a bad booker.

THE LAST ⅕ OF A MILE

- There is more money to be made in short trips than in long ones.
- It's true that cabbies gab a lot, but it's a habit acquired from driving so many people. If the average person

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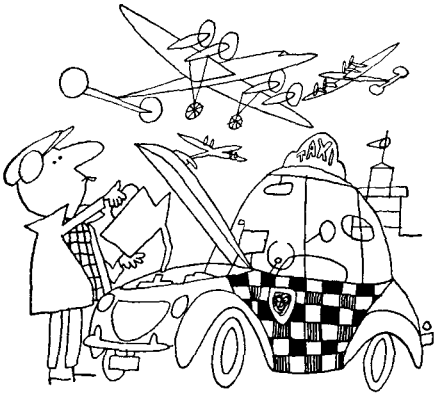
rode along with a cabbie for just one day and listened to everything said: That in itself would drive him nuts.

• If a fare tells a grouchy cabbie to take it easy, the cabbie may ride the fare so close to parked cars, short stop, speed, that the fare needs a good heart to recover. Either way the passenger is assured of a splitting headache for a week, or at least a good dose of the shakes.

• When a cabbie first gets a Hack license, he is given a book of instructions, pertaining to what he can do. After driving the cab a week, the average cabbie will have violated every rule in the book. After the second week on the job, he usually



takes the book, tears it up, and throws it down the nearest sewer. As time goes on, the cabbie will honestly tell you that he has never heard of such a book.

• The general rule is, women are better tippers than men.

• There are about twenty-five women taxi drivers in New York. They are expert drivers and battle for fares right along with the rest of the cabbies. Hard as nails, they can handle the toughest wolf that comes along. All in all, they're a swell bunch of gals.

• About the only reason cabbies cuss at woman drivers, is only because they are women. As a rule they are far more superior cab drivers than men. Excluding cab drivers, their reflexes are better, and being cautious, which is proper, a woman will rarely ever try to push you off the road, into a lamp post.

• It is permissible for a cabbie to eat lunch in the cab, for the cab is his home.

• It's an old saying in New York, "If the cabbie doesn't know, then nobody knows."

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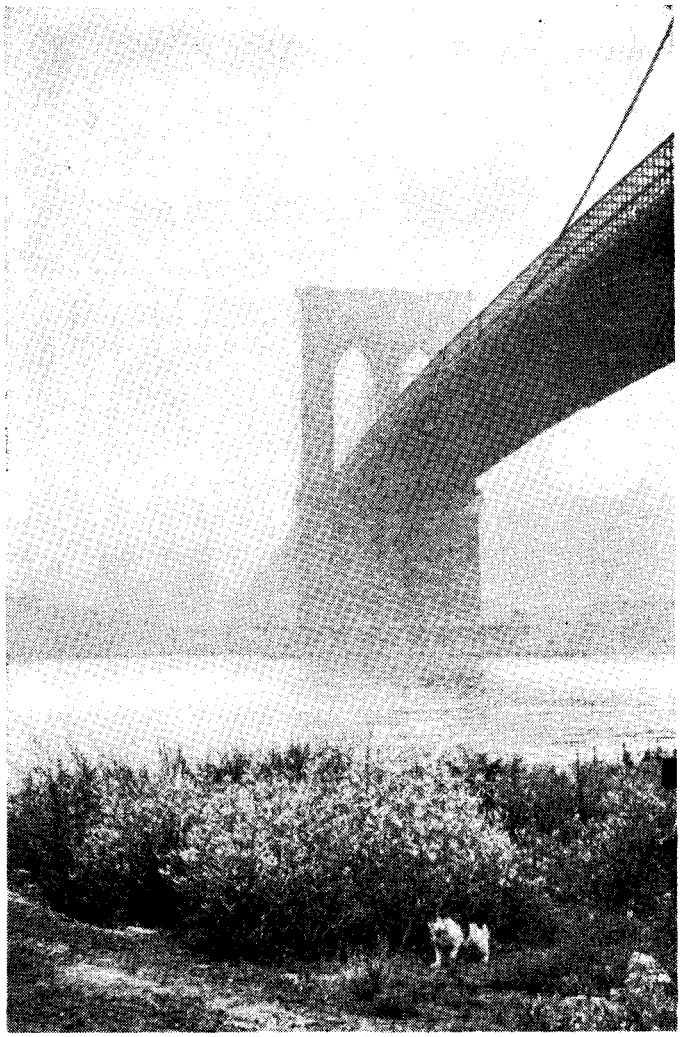

—Erich Hartmann—Magnum.

Wild-Life in the Big City

By JOHN O'REILLY

IF A BROADWAY character felt a sudden desire to see a wild rabbit he would merely have to take a stroll or a brief taxi ride to Central Park and rout one out of the shrubbery. Broadway types seldom turn to nature study, but in the event that one did he could turn up considerable wildlife right on Manhattan Island and within the city limits of New York he could revel in a rich and varied fauna.

Millions of human beings keep crowding into New York but they never have been able to crowd out all the animals. The critters keep showing up in the oddest places. To the city's amateur naturalists animals in the big town are a constant delight. A fox in the Bronx or a 'possum in Manhattan is a cheery event. To them the eerie voice of an owl in Gotham has a beat more solid than the best midtown jazz band. It proves that man and nature still have to get along together, even in the world's most urban section.

It must be admitted that the bulk of the citizenry would prefer that wild animals left town. New Yorkers have become so accustomed to mingling with millions of their own kind that the appearance of some small critter upsets them. Even a cooing pigeon gives some New Yorkers the meemies. On one occasion a bunch of people ran out of a Greenwich Village delicatessen and stood staring through the door as though beholding a space man. A policeman showed up and advanced upon the thing in crouching readiness. Inside he confronted a three-and-a-half-inch praying mantis which stood on the floor turning its pointed head to follow the movements of the cop.

In the fall these insects fly across the Hudson River on favoring winds to turn up in strange places. One woman froze when she saw a curious ornament on another woman's hat turn and look at her. It was a praying mantis, the only insect able to look over its shoulder. Some Manhattanites keep in tune with nature by maintaining penthouse gardens atop apartment buildings. Frequently the mantises find their way to these spots of high greenery. This fall one showed up in an eleventh-floor garden where the owner took a fancy to the odd invader. In a book he learned that mantises feed on other insects so he fed his visitor on cockroaches, a species much easier to find in New York.

Office workers in downtown skyscrapers occasionally thrill or shudder to see a large bird dive from the sky to strike a pigeon in mid-air with such force that the pigeon is killed instantly. The marauder turns out to be a duck hawk or peregrine falcon which has decided to do its hunting in the big city. To the falcon the towers of Manhattan replace natural cliffs and the slow-flying pigeons are easy prey. On the roof of one vacant building investigators found the bones and feathers of dozens of pigeons which duck hawks had taken there to devour.

Pigeons are descendants of the wild European rock dove and have found city life acceptable. Some New Yorkers love pigeons and feed them. Others hate them and poison them. This war over pigeons probably will go on as long as the city lasts. Starlings invade Manhattan in hordes to find winter roosts. Some winters more than 125,000 will come to roost in a single night under the 125th Street viaduct on the West Side. At times hawks pick off the stragglers or injured.

Sparrows, which once clouded the city's streets to feed on undigested oats in horse droppings, have retreated with the horse. Now sparrows are found mostly in parks or in areas where houses have trees and lawns.

If man leaves a bit of greenery in the city wild animals somehow find their way to it. A friend of mine caught a 'possum in Inwood Hill Park and let it go again. He liked to think of this marsupial as a Manhattan resident. Wild pheasants have been found there, too. Central Park, although surrounded by tall buildings and pavement, provides a rich hunting ground for the city naturalist. There Miss Farida Wiley, of the American Museum of Natural History, has long led groups of followers on dawn bird walks. On any good day Miss Wiley can turn up fifty to sixty species of wild birds in Central Park.

If they reach the park before the sun rises out of the East River they stand a good chance of getting a saw-whet owl or a screech owl and once they got a barn owl. When a bird watcher "gets" a bird it means that

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he merely sees it. Nothing would be farther from his mind than to actually get a bird. To see a Kentucky warbler or some other rare visitor from the south or to locate nesting cardinals here in the heart of the city makes their day a memorable one.

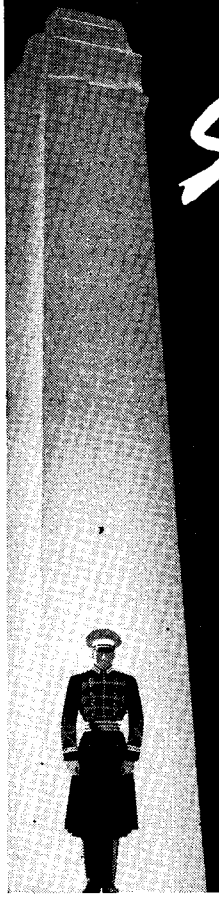
So far we have dealt with native animals, but more mysterious are the foreign ones that show up in town. These are usually fugitives from the pet shop or zoo but the presence of some is hard to explain. Small alligators which sometimes are found in sewers presumably have been discarded by their owners. The parakeet craze has resulted in frequent escapes and now and then a monkey breaks loose and takes to the housetops. Banana boats from Central America are a good source of tarantulas and tropical snakes.

A man in Queens kept reporting a strange animal loping across the golf course. His description fitted nothing native, so he finally shot the animal and took it to the experts. It proved to be a coatimundi, a tropical mammal related to the raccoon, but how it got to a New York City golf course was never revealed.

Manhattan provides wildlife surprises, but if the city nature student takes the subway to some of the other boroughs he finds even greater riches waiting. There is a swamp in Van Cortlandt Park, in the Bronx, where wild Canada geese nested last year and where wood ducks nest every year. A careful search of this swamp turns up Virginia rails, great blue herons, snapping turtles, and many other uncityfied creatures.

The Bronx River, a quaint stream which winds down from the north, provides an avenue of approach for terrestrial animals entering the city from that direction. That is why skunks, raccoons, and sometimes foxes are trapped in the Bronx Zoo. Night herons nest in the zoo and the other day an American egret was roosting on top of one of the big bird cages. So many wild birds come to the zoo that the officials have had to put up signs informing the public that those on the outside don't belong in the cages. Still visitors keep informing them that their birds are loose.

Then, if the city naturalist visits the wilder regions of Staten Island or the Jamaica Bay area his list of wild animals becomes longer and longer. The seashore, the bays, and marshes provide everything from swallows to ospreys, from meadow mice to harbor seals. Yes, sir! If your man about town ever joins the naturalists he can find plenty of wildlife to study inside the limits of New York City. For fifteen cents he can take a subway safari to the haunts of the wild.



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Is Cash Obsolete?

DINING in the welter of the *Weltschmerz* that suffused the Hungarian Pavillion at the Brussels World's Fair this summer, with Anastas Mikoyan only a few tables away, it was something of a surprise to be able to sign the check and hand the waiter a Diner's Club credit card. The next day I discovered, to my equal surprise, that it was equally possible to buy souvenirs at the Czech shops on the fairgrounds and pay for it all later in New York. Although things had not progressed to the point where Moscow's GUM Department store was billing through capitalistic credit associations, the ready accedence of the so-called People's Republics is a crack in the Curtain. With the gigantic expansion of the whole travel credit field this fall, marked by the entrance of no less a personage than American Express, which jumped into the fray with both feet, there is no telling where it all will go.

As things stand now it is possible to sign for a night's lodging at the Snow View Hotel in Katmandu, Nepal; to buy a suit at a choice of four tailors in Hong Kong; or charge a postcard at the Gainsborough Galleries in Johannesburg in the Union of South Africa. The drummers for American Express—I can only presume the Diner's Club people work as fearlessly—have risked their epidermises to sign up the Marangos Hotel on the beach at Famagusta on the pleasant isle of Cyprus, not to mention Nicosia's Ledra Palace and the Four Lanterns in Larnaca. Somebody has braved the bullets to bring the charge-account to some seven establishments in Algeria. Stout souls have braved the sputum flingers of Venezuela to bring a whole flock of Latin hotels and restaurants into the fold. Indeed, I count it as something of a disappointment to find the first edition of the American Express Credit Card Directory bereft of any charge account establishments on Taiwan or Quemoy. You can't charge chicken.

Whereas I am not at all sure where all this deferred payment business started, it is true that Lewis and Clark carried letters of credit from Thomas Jefferson when they set out to explore the westward lands. It can be safely said, without inviting a poison pen letter from each of the 400 American Express offices, that the idea of charge account travel is not exactly new with them. The Diner's Club history, after all, goes all the way back to 1950.

After its initial year of operation Diner's Club, which made no charge for its service, had 5,000 members. A $3 charge was introduced, and that fee later went up to $5. (American Express is charging $6 and the Universal Air Travel Plan, a cooperative arrangement permitting the charge buying of airline tickets, requires a $450 deposit.) By 1952 the Diner's Club had expanded its services to Europe, now lists some 17,000 establishments all over the world, has issued charge cards to half a million customers.

In the autumn showdown with American Express, Diner's Club took over the *Esquire* club with its list of 100,000 subscribers. In mid-September the Diner's Club and Hilton Hotels announced that they had arrived at a preliminary agreement whereby Diner's will take over the operation of one million Hilton credit cards. However, the deal is far from firm.

In gathering its lists American Express absorbed the Gourmet Club and the Universal Travelcard, held by 150,000 cardholders and honored by 4,500 hotels mostly in North and Central America, the Caribbean and Hawaii.

However, it is just in the matter of hotel accommodations and transportation that the situation gets complicated. Travelers who have booked their reservations through travel agents find that some hotels refuse to honor their credit cards. After all, the credit clubs peel off 7 per cent commission every time one of their members signs a tab. If the hotel must pay 7 per cent to the credit club and another 10 per cent to the travel agent, the profit margin is quickly dissipated. Some hotels, with an outraged customer at the cashier's window, have agreed to reduce the bill by 7 per cent if the customer pays cash. Others offer to allow credit if the customer agrees to have the bill sent directly to his home or office.

Some travel agents, not at all impressed by the turn credit travel has taken, have threatened to boycott American Express tours, which it sells wholesale, and to refuse to recom-

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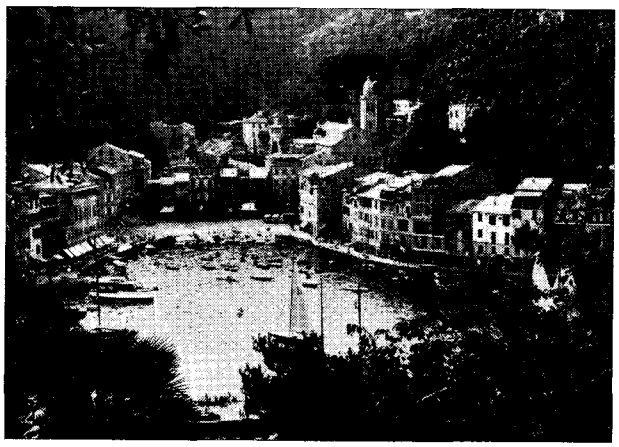

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mend the sale of American Express travelers checks. A bloody battle is shaping up at the annual convention of the American Society of Travel Agents which will be held early in November in New York. American Express has sought to soothe the ruffled feathers by offering to forego its percentage whenever one of its cardholders is booked into a hotel by a travel agent. While at first it offered to accept its own charge cards for railroad, steamship, bus and air tickets, if booked at American Express offices, it is now formulating a plan to cut in 2,000 independent agents. The independents will accept American Express cards in lieu of cash, and will bill through American Express, which will exact a small percentage.

Diner's Club, too, announced that it was able to charge travel tickets. Early in October it put thirty representatives in the field, signing up travel agents, and announced it would have 1,000 in the fold within ninety days. By promising the agents new business it hoped it could make them swallow a 4 per cent charge payable to the Diner's Club for handling and billing.

As for the tourist, badgered and bombarded, filled with figures and promises, he might well wonder where it all left him. Armed with his charge cards (and possibly bereft of cash), he could conceivably get a turn-down at a cashier's window when he went to pay his hotel bill with credit. Signing for a hired car in a foreign country with shaky currency, he might come home to a bill figured out in the short or official rate when a payment in local currency bought on the free market might have saved him money. More important than anything else,

he would, according to the surveyors, probably spend up to 35 per cent more with a credit card in his hand than he might have were he shelling out hard cash. In return, he would be able to sign now and pay later at the Paris department stores, get a credit card ride on a camel in Cairo, sign for a samurai sword in Tokyo. He would enjoy feeling like the last of the big spenders, enjoy the security of belonging to a club, avoid the risk of carrying cash. The question is, would he still think it was a good idea when, at month's end, the bill came home to roost.

—Horace Sutton.

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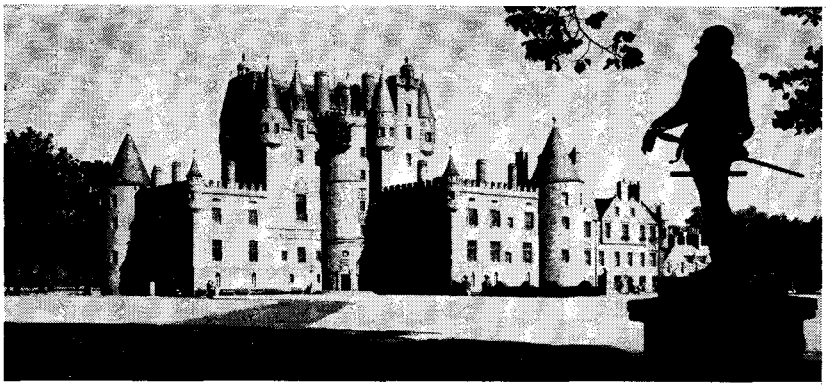

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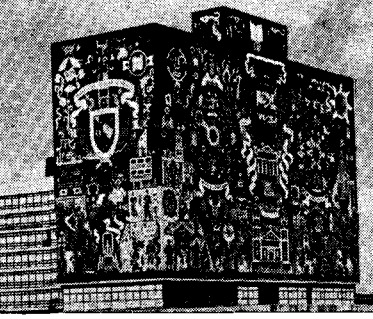

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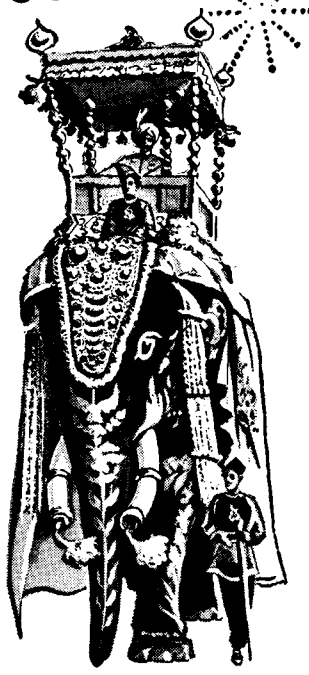

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for travel fever. Medical Science is baffled. But temporary relief can certainly be obtained from such divertissements as cruises to a variety of fascinating areas, or escorted tours to such places as Europe and Hawaii. And don't overlook the healing qualities of our independent tours either. Additional comfort may also result from consulting our travel offices which give all sorts of data about hotels and resorts in the United States, Canada, Mexico, Bermuda and the Caribbean. Succumb! Heed the gypsy cry. Savor the flavor of unknown shores. Find out the real meaning of boat whistles in the night.

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Rudolph

Continued from page 34

University; the mysterious space that one finds in the Wall Street area, under bridges, and in Greenwich Village; the transition space which defines, separates, and yet joins juxtaposed spaces of varying character such as the plaza in front of the Plaza Hotel. We need sequences of space which arouse one's curiosity, give a sense of anticipation, which beckon and impel us to rush forward to find that releasing space which dominates, which climaxes and acts as a magnet and gives direction. This is well illustrated by the Fifth Avenue entrance to Rockefeller Plaza, where one strides forward in anticipation of seeing the sunken court and its activities. Most important of all we need those outer spaces which encourage social contact, again well illustrated by Rockefeller Plaza, the best outdoor living room in America.

Finally, if we are to do justice to New York, we must make use of the most talented architects rather than the handful who are re-building New York and can be counted on to "play the game." Building has become so complicated and expenditures so great that an owner is most interested in the architect as a businessman, administrator, and technician. The owner *merely hopes* his architect is also an artist. The architects have contributed to this sad state of affairs by apologizing for any visual and spatial concerns, and calling themselves everything except artists. The architect has lost status and often is not given sufficient time for study of a proposed project. Once the owner has decided to build he is anxious to have the highest income from the new building and to minimize the total lack of return during the demolition and construction period. This haste is reflected in the quality of the architect's work, for he no longer feels that he is "building for the ages." It is entirely possible for an architect to see his sketches and models take physical form, be used, major remodelling undertaken, the edifice demolished, and another building arise within his professional life span. However, this is insufficient reason for the present apathy.

The public has shown that it appreciates that which is really good, such as Rockefeller Plaza, Seagram, Lever House, and the Manufacturers Trust. One remembers that Venice was created by a great commercially minded society, but beauty was important to them. A society gets only that which it demands.

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A CULTURAL SAMPLER

Winter Events of Note in Art, Music, and the Theatre

Amsterdam: Concertgebouw Orchestra, with guest soloists, throughout season.

Barcelona: Opera season opens at Liceo Theater, 48 performances. Nov. 13 to Feb. 1.

Basel: Municipal Opera Theater, opera, light opera, plays, ballet, Oct. to May; Vienna Philharmonic, Nov. 28; Basler Marionetten-Theater, Nov. 28-29.

Berlin: American Festival Ballet, Nov. 14-16; first performance of von Einem's ballet "Medusa," Nov. 16; Verdi "Requiem," Radio Symphony Orchestra, Nov. 19; Philharmonic Society, modern music program, Nov. 20; Badura-Skoda recital, Dec. 9; Hindemith conducting Radio-Symphony Orch., Dec. 14-15; Wm. Primrose appearing with Berlin Philharmonic, Dec 3-4; first performance Stravinsky's "Canticum Sacrum," and Bruckner's 7th Symphony, von Karajan conducting Berlin Philharmonic, Dec. 29-31. Shura Cherkassy recital, Jan. 29; Philharmonic, Fricsay conducting, Jan. 31. International Book Show, Nov. 14 to 30.

Berne: Municipal Opera Theater, opera, light opera, plays, Oct. to June; Vienna Philharmonic, Nov. 13; Choral recital with Orchestre de la Suisse Romande, Nov. 16.

Boston: Aaron Richards Concert Series, Nov. 2, 8, 9, 16, 30; Dec. 5-7, 12; Jan. 11, 14-16, 29-31; "Poets in the Theater" series throughout season; Exhibition of Primitive Art, Boston Museum of Fine Arts, to Nov. 23; Boston Symphony Orchestra, Charles Munch conducting, with guest soloists, throughout season; Special exhibition, International Hallmark Awards, opens Dec. 4; Exhibition of Dutch drawings, Museum of Fine Arts, Jan. Exhibition of 50 paintings from Stedelijk Museum of Amsterdam, modern European artists from Van Gogh, Institute of Contemporary Arts, Jan. 5 to Feb. 5.

Chicago: Chicago Lyric Opera, opens Oct. 10 with "Falstaff" for seven weeks; "Edwin Booth," with Jose Ferrer, Nov. 19 for four weeks; "Enrico IV," Dec. 16 for three weeks.

Cologne: Cologne Artists to 1958, to Nov. 15; 100 Oils and Water Colors of Kandinsky, to mid-Nov.; Haydn Oratorio, "Tobias' Return," Nov. 14; Backhaus with Guerzenich Orchestra, Jan. 5-6; Dean Dixon conducting Radio Symphony Orchestra, Jan. 12.

Dallas: Civic Opera with Maria Callas, Teresa Berganza, Oct. 31 to Nov. 8; Dallas Symphony Orchestra, with guest soloists, Nov. 17; Dec. 1, 8, 15; Jan. 5, 12, 26; Concerts, McFarlin Auditorium, throughout season; Sir John Gielgud, Shakespearean readings, Dec. 11; Budapest String Quartet, Jan. 28.

Darmstadt: Exhibition of Art Award Winners 1957, to Nov. 15; "New Western Art," special exhibition, to Nov. 15; German Water Colors and Drawings since 1900, Dec. to Jan. 3; Christmas Art Exhibition, to Dec. 28.

Dublin: Regular performances of Abbey Theatre, Gate Theatre, Gaiety Theatre.

Dusseldorf: Yehudi Menuhin with Zurich Chamber Orchestra, Nov. 2; Verdi "Requiem," Nov. 13-14.

Edinburgh: Exhibition of Royal Scottish Academy Diploma Works, Oct. to Dec.; Robert Burns Bicentenary Celebration, Jan. 24.

Essen: Art Treasures of Dusseldorf City Art Museum, to Nov. 15; First performance of Symphony No. 2 by Erich Sehlbach, Nov. 14.

Florence: Chamber Music Concerts, La Pergola Theater, Nov. and Dec.; Symphonic season, Communale Theater, Nov.; Winter Opera season, Communale Theater, Dec. through May.

Galway: Feisceoil Music and Dance Festival, Nov. 14 to 30.

Geneva: Vienna Philharmonic, Nov. 15; Orchestre de la Suisse Romande, Nov. 19.

Genoa: Symphonic season, Communale Theater, Nov. and Dec.

The Hague: Hague Residentie Orchestra, through winter season.

Jalapa, Veracruz: Pablo Casals Competition, second international 'cello contest, includes concerts, theater performances, Jan. 17-30.

Lausanne: Orchestre de la Suisse Romande, Nov. 3, 17.

Lisbon: Special exhibition of Fine Arts Society, Nov.; Saõ Carlos Opera season begins, Jan.

London: Regular performances at 50 legitimate theaters, Royal Ballet, Old Vic Theater, etc., throughout winter; Byzantine Exhibition, Victoria and Albert Museum, Oct. 16 to Nov. 6; Royal Institute of Oil Painters, through Nov.; Royal Society of British Artists, Winter Exhibition, Nov. and Dec.; Royal Society of Portrait Painters, to Dec. 23; Berlin Philharmonic Orchestra, Nov. 5-6; London Symphony Orchestra, Nov. 9; Philharmonia Orchestra, Dec. 4; Fifth Exhibition of Fine Art, Dec. 9-17; Urvater Collection, Arts Council, Tate Gallery, Nov. 12-Dec. 11; Norwegian Art Treasures, Victoria and Albert Museum, Jan. and Feb.

Lucerne: Exhibit of Swiss Art from 15th to 19th centuries, Nov. and Dec.

Madrid: Madrid Symphony plays every Thursday, Friday and Sunday morning, through winter season. Madrid theatre presents Spanish classics through winter; Autumn Salon, art exhibit sponsored by Association of Painters and Sculptors, through Nov.

Málaga: Annual Winter Festival features concerts, theatre, folk music and dancing. Jan. 15-Feb. 15.

Mannheim: Bruckner's 8th Symphony, Nov. 3-4; "Alceste" by Gluck, National Theater, Nov. 22.

Mexico City: Opera season, touring companies with Mexican performers, all winter. Inauguration of new Museo José Clemente Orozco, first exhibition, paintings by Orozco; Opening of first Museum of Modern Art, Palace of Fine Arts, Nov.; Second International Bi-annual of Painting and Engravings, Palace of Fine Arts; through Jan.

Milan: Concert Season at La Scala, through Nov.; La Scala Opera season begins, Dec. through May.

Munich: Great Renoir Exhibition, Nov. 1-Dec. 15; Verdi "Requiem" with Maria Stader, Kim Borg, Fricsay conducting, Nov. 1; Pierre Fournier with Broadcasting Symphony Orchestra, Dean Dixon conducting, Nov. 13; "Musica Viva": Lidholm, Ravel, Henze, Stravinsky, Nov. 21; "100 Years of Pocci Papa Schmid," Exhibit of Puppet Theater Collection, Dec. 5-Jan. 15.

Naples: Symphonic Concert season at San Pietro a Maiella Conservatory, Nov.; San Carlo Opera Company season, Dec. through May.

Nice: Opera at Municipal Casino, Dramatic productions at Palais de la Méditerranée, Dec.

New York: Metropolitan Opera, nightly except Sunday, Oct. 27 to April; Town Hall Concerts, featured soloists, throughout season; New York City Opera, Oct. 7 to Nov. 16; New York Philharmonic at Carnegie Hall, four performances weekly to May 3, Leonard Bernstein, Schippers, Von Karajan, etc., conducting, with guest soloists; Carnegie Hall, touring soloists, symphony orchestras, opera and ballet groups; Brooklyn Academy of Music, operatic and symphonic presentations, Nov., Dec., Jan.; Regular and special exhibitions at Metropolitan Museum of Art, opening Ancient Near-Eastern Galleries Dec., "Ceramic International Exhibition," Jan.; Whitney Museum of American Art, "Annual Exhibition of Sculpture, Paintings, Water Colors and Drawings," Nov. 10-Jan. New York Public Library, "Christmas Story" in illuminated manuscripts, Dec. 15-31; Brooklyn Museum and Museum of Modern Art; special exhibits throughout winter season. Broadway and off-Broadway theatres throughout season.

Padua: 13th Biennial Art Exhibition of the "Three Venices"; through Nov.

Paris: Special art exhibitions; Concert series of the "Cadets Pleyel," Dec. 3, 10, 16. Regular performances of Opéra, Opéra-Comique, Comédie Française; regular exhibitions in principal art galleries. Opening of Salon d'Hiver and Salon d'Automne, exhibitions of paintings, Nov. 1; International Music Festival to celebrate opening of new UNESCO headquarters in Paris, Nov. 1-19; International Book Exhibition, Nov. 1-5; Second International Choral Olympiad, Nov. 9-16. Exhibition of Art of Byzance and Middle Ages, Nov.

Philadelphia: Philadelphia Orchestra, Ormandy conducting, guest soloists, Nov. 7-8, 14-15, 28-29, Dec. 5-6. All Star Concert Series, Tucker, Nov. 13; Serkin, Dec. 4; "Julius Caesar," Siepi, Dec. 18; Rubinstein, Jan. 29. Danish National Orchestra, Nov. 20; Iglesias Spanish Ballet, Dec. 11; National Ballet of Canada, Jan. 22. Philadelphia Lyric Opera Company, throughout season; Philadelphia Grand Opera Company, Nov. 7, 28; "Art of the Ancient Maya," Nov. 7 to Dec. 24; "Phrygian Art from the City of King Midas," Oct. 31 to Dec. 1; "20th Century American Painting and Sculpture," Oct. 23 to Nov. 30; "154th Annual Exhibition of Water Colors, Prints and Drawings," Jan. 25 to Mar. 1.

Rome: Symphonic Concerts, Academy of Santa Cecilia, Teatro Argentino, Nov.; Teatro dell' Opera, Dec.-May.

Salzburg: Celebration commemorating composition of "Silent Night, Holy Night," Dec. 24. Mozart Festival Week: Jan. 18-28.

San Francisco: Van Gogh Paintings and Drawings, DeYoung Museum, Oct. 10-Nov. 30; International Film Festival, Oct. 29-Nov. 11; Korean National Treasures, Nov. 20-Dec. 31; "Candide," at San Francisco Opera House, Nov. 8; Iglesias Spanish Ballet, Nov. 22; concerts, Nov. 2, 10, 23; San Francisco Symphony Orchestra with guest soloists, opening concert, Dec. 3, 4, 5, through Dec. and Jan.; Beryozka Russian Folk Dance Company, Dec. 30.

San Juan, P.R.: San Juan Drama Festival, eight plays in English with noted international performers, Tapia Theater, Jan. 13 through Mar. 3; Puerto Rico Symphony Orchestra, conducted by Casals, Schneider Castro, with featured soloists, Nov. 6-23; Exhibit of books printed before 1501. Rare Book Museum, through winter season.

Siena: Concert season begins at Chigi Saraceni Palace, Nov.

Stockholm: Regular performances of opera and ballet at Royal Opera House; symphony orchestra concerts regularly through winter. Exhibition by the Scandinavian Art Federation, Mid-Nov.; Nobel Prize Ceremony, Dec. 10.

Stratford-upon-Avon: Shakespeare Season of Plays: to Nov. 29.

Venice: Winter opera season, La Fenice Theater, Dec.-May.

Vienna: Vienna State Opera, daily, Nov.-June 30; Exhibition of Finnish Architecture, Nov. 15-Dec. 14; Exhibition commemorating 400th anniversary of Karl V's death, opens Nov. 15.

Wiesbaden: Pierre Fournier appearing with Wiesbaden Symphony Orch., Nov. 7; Beethoven's Ninth, Jan. 6.

Wexford, Ireland: International Festival of Music and Arts, Oct. 26-Nov. 2.

Winterthur, Switzerland: Reinhart collection of Swiss, German and Austrian Paintings of 19th and 20th centuries, Nov. to Dec. 31.

Zurich: Picasso lithograph exhibit, Nov.-Dec.; Vienna Philharmonic Orchestra, Nov. 10-17.

—JEANETTE WAKIN.

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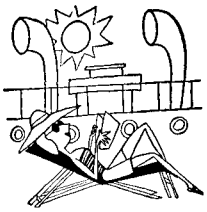

SLOW BOATS TO THE SUNLANDS

SR *Charts the Winter Cruises*

NOVEMBER

1 *Caronia* (Cunard). New York to Caribbean. 12 days, 4 ports, $300.
Yarmouth (McCormick). Washington to Bermuda. 7 days, $125.
Alcoa Clipper (Alcoa). New Orleans to Caribbean, Venezuela, 16 days, 9 ports, $495.

4 *Kungsholm* (Swedish-American). New York to Caribbean. 10 days, 4 ports, $255.
Cristobal (Panama). New York to Caribbean, Canal Zone. 14 days, 3 ports, $315.

5 *Stockholm* (Swedish-American). Wilmington, N.C. to Bermuda. 5 days, $115.

6 *Del Norte* (Delta). New Orleans to South America. 41 days, 9 ports, $900.

7 *Bergensfjord* (Norwegian-American). New York to Caribbean. 11 days, 4 ports, $255.
Santa Rosa (Grace). New York to Caribbean, Venezuela. 12 days, 5 ports, $465.
Santa Monica (Grace). New York to Caribbean, Colombia, Venezuela. 18 days, 8 ports, $495.

8 *Yarmouth* (McCormick). Washington to Nassau. 7 days, $125.
Ocean Monarch (Furness). New York to Bermuda. 5 days, $125.
Alcoa Corsair (Alcoa). New Orleans to Caribbean, Venezuela. 16 days, 9 ports, $495.

10 *Independence* (American Export). New York to Mediterranean. 23 days, 9 ports, $555.

11 *Ancon* (Panama). New York to Caribbean, Canal Zone. 14 days, 3 ports, $315.
Stockholm (Swedish-American). Wilmington, N.C. to Caribbean, Venezuela. 15 days, 7 ports, $325.

14 *Vulcania* (Italian). New York to Mediterranean, Venice land tour. 39 days, 10 ports, $595.
Ocean Monarch (Furness). New York to Bermuda, Nassau. 8 days, $200.
Santa Paula (Grace). New York to Caribbean, Venezuela. 12 days, 5 ports, $465.
Santa Sofia (Grace). New York to Caribbean, Colombia, Venezuela. 18 days, 8 ports, $495.

15 *Alcoa Cavalier* (Alcoa). New Orleans to Caribbean, Venezuela. 16 days, 9 ports, $495.
Kungsholm (Swedish-American). New York to Caribbean, Venezuela, Canal Zone. 16 days, 6 ports, $400.
Yarmouth (McCormick). Washington to Bermuda. 7 days, $125.

18 *Matsonia* (Matson). San Francisco, Los Angeles to Hawaii. 14 days, 2 ports, $312.
Constitution (American Export). New York to Mediterranean. 22 days, 10 ports, $555.

19 *Monterey* (Matson). San Francisco to South Pacific. 43 days, 8 ports, $1035.

20 *Del Sud* (Delta). New Orleans to Caribbean, South America. 41 days, 9 ports, $900.
President Wilson (American President). San Francisco to Honolulu, Manila, Japan. 40 days, 7 ports, $1147 (plus family plan).

21 *Bergensfjord* (Norwegian-American). New York to Caribbean. 17 days, 8 ports, $390.
Jerusalem (Zim). New York to Caribbean. 13 days, 5 ports, $260.
Rio de la Plata (Argentine State). New York to South America. 43 days, 8 ports, $1080.
Santa Rosa (Grace). New York to Caribbean, Venezuela. 12 days, 5 ports, $465.
Brasil (Moore-McCormack). New York to South America. 31 days, 9 ports, $1110.
Santa Clara (Grace). New York to Caribbean, Colombia, Venezuela. 18 days, 8 ports, $495.
Cristobal (Panama). New York to Caribbean, Canal Zone. 14 days, 3 ports, $315.

22 *Yarmouth* (McCormick). New York to Havana, Nassau. 9 days, $150.
Alcoa Clipper (Alcoa). New Orleans to Caribbean, Venezuela. 16 days, 9 ports, $495
Ocean Monarch (Furness). New York to Bermuda. 5 days, $125.

28 *Ancon* (Panama). New York to Caribbean, Canal Zone. 14 days, 3 ports, $315.
Santa Monica (Grace). New York to Caribbean, Colombia, Venezuela. 18 days, 8 ports, $495.
Ocean Monarch, (Furness). New York to Bermuda, Nassau. 8 days, $200.
Stockholm (Swedish-American). Wilmington, N.C. to Caribbean. 10 days, 4 ports, $225.
Santa Paula (Grace). New York to Caribbean, Venezuela. 12 days, 5 ports, $465.

29 *Alcoa Corsair* (Alcoa). New Orleans to Caribbean, Venezuela. 16 days, 9 ports, $495.

DECEMBER

1 *Statendam* (Holland-America). New York to Bermuda. 5 days, $145.

3 *Saturnia* (Italian). New York to Mediterranean, Venice 12-day land tour. 40 days, 11 ports, $620.

5 *Independence* (American Export). New York to Mediterranean. 22 days, 10 ports, $555.
President Polk (American President). New York, San Francisco (Dec. 24), around the world, 100 days, 20 ports, $3290.
Santa Rosa (Grace). New York to Caribbean, Venezuela. 12 days, 5 ports, $465.
Jerusalem (Zim). New York to Caribbean. 8 days, 2 ports, $170.
Santa Sofia (Grace). New York to Caribbean, Colombia, Venezuela. 18 days, 8 ports, $495.

6 *Ocean Monarch* (Furness). New York to Bermuda. 5 days, $125.
Alcoa Cavalier (Alcoa). New Orleans to Caribbean, Venezuela. 16 days, 9 ports, $495.

8 *President Cleveland* (American President). San Francisco, Los Angeles to Japan, Manila, Honolulu. 42 days, 7 ports, $956.
Statendam (Holland-America). New York to Caribbean. 10 days, 3 ports, $250.

9 *Cristobal* (Panama). New York to Caribbean, Canal Zone. 14 days, 3 ports, $315.

11 *Del Mar* (Delta). New Orleans to Caribbean, South America. 41 days, 9 ports, $900.

12 *Constitution* (American Export). New York to Mediterranean. 22 days, 9 ports, $555.
Argentina (Moore-McCormack). New York to Caribbean, South America. 31 days, 9 ports, $1110.
Olympia (Greek). New York to Caribbean. 10 days, 3 ports, $225.
Santa Paula (Grace). New York to Caribbean, Venezuela. 10 days, 4 ports, $420.
Ocean Monarch (Furness). New York to Bermuda. 6 days, $153.
Constitution (American Export). New York to Mediterranean. 22 days, 9 ports, $555.
Santa Clara (Grace). New York to Caribbean, Venezuela, Colombia. 18 days, 8 ports, $495.

13 *Alcoa Clipper* (Alcoa). New Orleans to Caribbean, Venezuela. 16 days, 9 ports, $495.
Mariposa (Matson). San Francisco, Los Angeles to South Seas. 43 days, 8 ports, $1035.

14 *Jerusalem* (Zim). New York to Caribbean. 8 days, 2 ports, $170.

16 *Ancon* (Panama). New York to Caribbean, Canal Zone. 14 days, 3 ports, $342.

19 *Santa Monica* (Grace). New York to Caribbean, Venezuela, Colombia. 18 days, 8 ports, $495.
Queen of Bermuda (Furness). New York to Bermuda. 8 days, $181.
Santa Rosa (Grace). New York to Caribbean, Venezuela. 14 days, 5 ports, $625.
Nieuw Amsterdam (Holland-America). New York to Caribbean, Venezuela. 16 days, 8 ports, $495.

20 *Alcoa Corsair* (Alcoa). New Orleans to Caribbean, Venezuela. 16 days, 9 ports, $495.
Arosa Sun (Arosa). New Orleans to Caribbean, Colombia, Canal Zone. 15 days, 6 ports, $375.
Gripsholm (Swedish-American). New York to Caribbean, Venezuela. 16 days, 6 ports, $465.
Homeric (Home). New York to Caribbean, 16 days, 7 ports, $500.
Statendam (Holland-America). New York to Caribbean. 14 days, 7 ports, $440.
Maasdam (Holland-America). New York to Caribbean, Venezuela. 12 days, 3 ports, $275.

21 *Matsonia* (Matson). San Francisco, Los Angeles to Hawaii. 14 days, 2 ports, $312.
Stella Polaris (Clipper). New Orleans to Caribbean. 16 days, 6 ports, $390.

22 *Italia* (Home). New York to Caribbean. 14 days, 4 ports, $325.
President Hoover (American President). San Francisco to Honolulu, Manila, Japan. 40 days, 6 ports, $1147 (plus family plan).
Lurline (Matson). San Francisco to Acapulco. 12 days, $290.

23 *Oslofjord* (Norwegian-American). New York to Caribbean. 17 days, 7 ports, $410.
Olympia (Greek). New York to Caribbean, Colombia. 13 days, 5 ports, $325.
Mauretania (Cunard). New York to Caribbean. 12 days, 5 ports, $365.
Jerusalem (Zim). New York to Caribbean. 13 days, 5 ports, $290.

24 *Vulcania* (Italian). New York to Mediterranean. 40 days, 20 ports, $550.
Ocean Monarch (Furness). New York to Caribbean. 14 days, 6 ports, $465.
Santa Paula (Grace). New York to Caribbean. 15 days, 6 ports, $680.

26 *Brasil* (Moore-McCormack). New York to South America. 31 days, 9 ports, $1110.
Santa Sofia (Grace). New York to Caribbean, Colombia, Venezuela. 18 days, 8 ports, $495.
Del Norte (Delta). New Orleans to South America. 41 days, 9 ports, $900.
Nassau (Incres Nassau). New York to Nassau, Havana. 9 days, $245.
Cristobal (Panama). New York to Caribbean, Canal Zone. 14 days, 3 ports, $342.

27 *Queen of Bermuda* (Furness). New York to Bermuda. 8 days, $181.
Alcoa Cavalier (Alcoa). New Orleans to Caribbean, Venezuela. 16 days, 9 ports, $495.

30 *Independence* (American Export). New York to Mediterranean. 25 days, 9 ports, $555.

JANUARY

2 *Ancon* (Panama). New York to Caribbean, Canal Zone. 14 days, 3 ports, $342.

3 *Santa Rosa* (Grace). New York to Caribbean, Venezuela. 11 days, 5 ports, $470.
President Wilson (American President). San Francisco, Los Angeles to Honolulu, Manila, Japan. 42 days, 7 ports, $1147.
Alcoa Clipper (Alcoa). New Orleans to Caribbean, Venezuela. 16 days, 9 ports, $495.

5 *Maasdam* (Holland-America). New York to Caribbean, Venezuela. 13 days, 4 ports, $275.

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6 *Arosa Sun* (Arosa). New Orleans to Caribbean, Canal Zone. 13 days, 5 ports, $295.
Jerusalem (Zim). New York to Caribbean. 10 days, 4 ports, $205.
Statendam (Holland-America). New York to 23 countries around the world. 111 days, 27 ports, $3200.
Nassau (Incres Nassau). New York to Nassau, Havana. 10 days, $250.
Queen of Bermuda (Furness). New York to Bermuda, Nassau. 9 days, $225.
Olympia (Greek). New York to Caribbean. 10 days, 3 ports, $225.

7 *Gripsholm* (Swedish-American). New York to Caribbean, Colombia. 16 days, 7 ports, $450.
Stella Polaris (Clipper). New Orleans to Caribbean, Venezuela. 16 days, 5 ports, $390.
Italia (Home). New York to Caribbean. 12 days, 3 ports, $275.
Lurline (Matson). San Francisco, Seattle to Honolulu. 12 days, $310.
Homeric (Home). New York to Caribbean, Canal Zone. 14 days, 5 ports, $415.
Nieuw Amsterdam (Holland-America). New York to Nassau, Havana. 8 days, $215.
Del Sud (Delta). New Orleans to South America. 41 days, 9 ports, $900.

9 *Ocean Monarch* (Furness). Port Everglades to Caribbean. 13 days, 7 ports, $365.
Santa Paula (Grace). New York to Caribbean, Venezuela. 12 days, 5 ports, $495.

10 *Alcoa Corsair* (Alcoa). New Orleans to Caribbean, Venezuela. 16 days, 9 ports, $495.
Kungsholm (Swedish-American). New York to Pacific. 98 days, 24 ports, $3100.

11 *Monterey* (Matson). San Francisco, Los Angeles to South Pacific. 43 days, 8 ports, $1035.

13 *Cristobal* (Panama). New York to Caribbean, Canal Zone. 14 days, 3 ports, $342.

14 *Oslofjord* (Norwegian-American). New York to Caribbean, Venezuela. 26 days, 15 ports, $600.
Empress of England (Canadian Pacific). New York to Caribbean, Venezuela. 14 days, 5 ports, $350.

16 *Santa Rosa* (Grace). New York to Caribbean, Venezuela. 12 days, 5 ports, $545.
Argentina (Moore-McCormack). New York to Caribbean, South America. 31 days, 9 ports, $1350.

17 *Alcoa Cavalier* (Alcoa). New Orleans to Caribbean, Venezuela. 16 days, 9 ports, $495.
Nieuw Amsterdam (Holland-America). New York to Caribbean, Venezuela. 14 days, 7 ports, $420.
Bergensfjord (Norwegian-American). New York, around the world. 80 days, 16 ports, $2250.
Olympia (Greek). New York to Mediterranean. 52 days, 19 ports, $995.
Jerusalem (Zim). New York to Caribbean. 9 days, 3 ports, $195.
Queen of Bermuda (Furness). New York to Bermuda, Nassau. 9 days, $225.

20 *Ancon* (Panama). New York to Caribbean, Canal Zone. 14 days, 3 ports, $342.
Caronia (Cunard). New York, around the world. 108 days, 23 ports, $3200.
Arkadia (Greek). New York, Charleston to Caribbean. 17 days, 6 ports, $350.
Arosa Sun (Arosa). New Orleans to Caribbean, Canal Zone. 14 days, 5 ports, $350.

21 *Maasdam* (Holland-America). New York, Norfolk to Caribbean. 17 days, 4 ports, $375.
Italia (Home). New York to Caribbean. 14 days, 4 ports, $325.

22 *Lurline* (Matson). San Francisco, L.A. to Acapulco. 12 days, $290.
Augustus (Italian). New York to Mediterranean, 8-day land tour. 32 days, $595.

23 *Santa Paula* (Grace). New York to Caribbean, Venezuela. 12 days, 5 ports, $545.
Britannic (Cunard). New York to Mediterranean. 66 days, 22 ports, $1275
Ocean Monarch (Furness). Port Everglades to Caribbean, Venezuela. 13 days, 6 ports, $365.
Homeric (Home). New York to Caribbean. 13 days, 5 ports, $385.

24 *Alcoa Clipper* (Alcoa). New Orleans to Caribbean, Venezuela. 16 days, 9 ports, $495.

25 *Stella Polaris* (Clipper). New Orleans to Caribbean, Venezuela. 22 days, 10 ports, $650.
President Cleveland (American President). San Francisco to Honolulu, Manila, Japan. 40 days, 7 ports, $1147 (plus family plan).

26 *Gripsholm* (Swedish-American). New York, around African continent, 72 days, 21 ports, $2250.
Independence (American Export). New York to Mediterranean. 23 days, 7 ports, $555.

27 *Queen of Bermuda* (Furness). New York to Bermuda, Nassau, 9 days, $225.

29 *Del Mar* (Delta). New Orleans to Caribbean, South America. 41 days, 9 ports, $900.
President Monroe (American President). New York, San Francisco (Feb. 18), around the world. 100 days, 20 ports, $3290.

30 *Santa Rosa* (Grace). New York to Caribbean, Venezuela. 12 days, 5 ports, $545.
Empress of England (Canadian Pacific). New York to Caribbean, Canal Zone. 19 days, 9 ports, $475.
Cristobal (Panama). New York to Caribbean. 14 days, 3 ports, $342.
Brasil (Moore-McCormack). New York to Caribbean, South America. 31 days, 9 ports, $1350

31 *Alcoa Corsair*. (Alcoa). New Orleans to Caribbean, Venezuela. 16 days, 9 ports, $495.
Hanseatic (Hamburg-Atlantic). New York to Caribbean. 10 days, 3 ports, $265.
Jerusalem. (Zim). New York to Caribbean. 13 days, 6 ports, $295.

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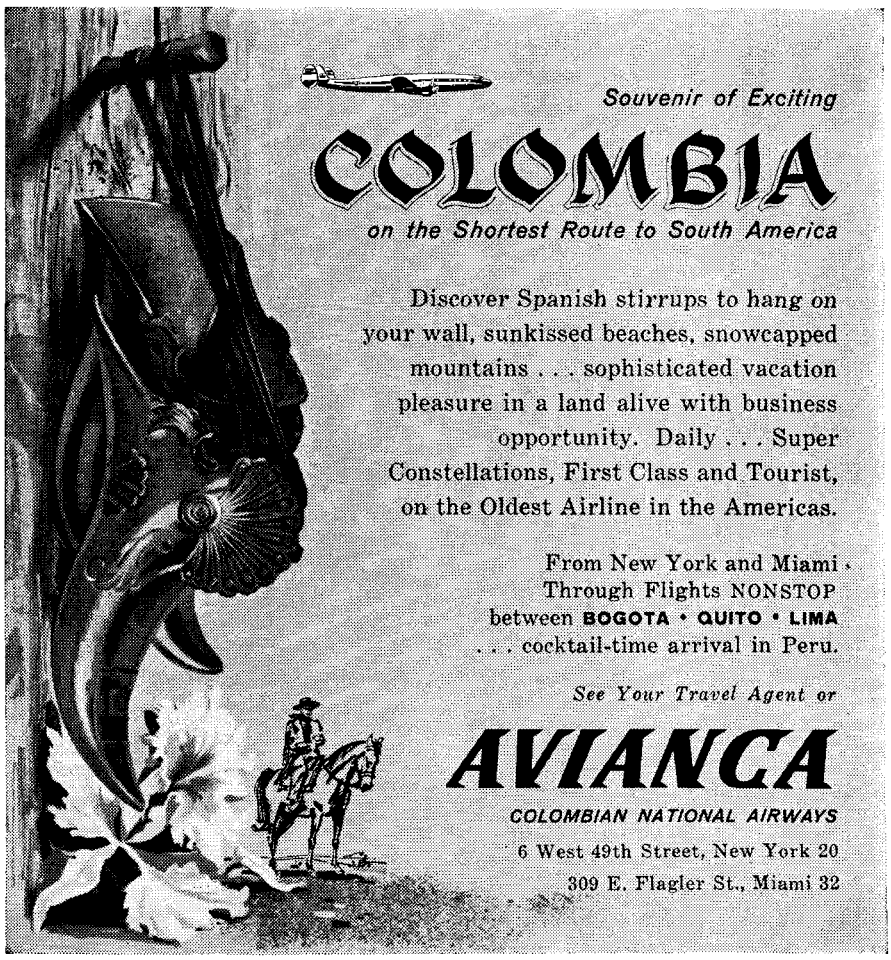

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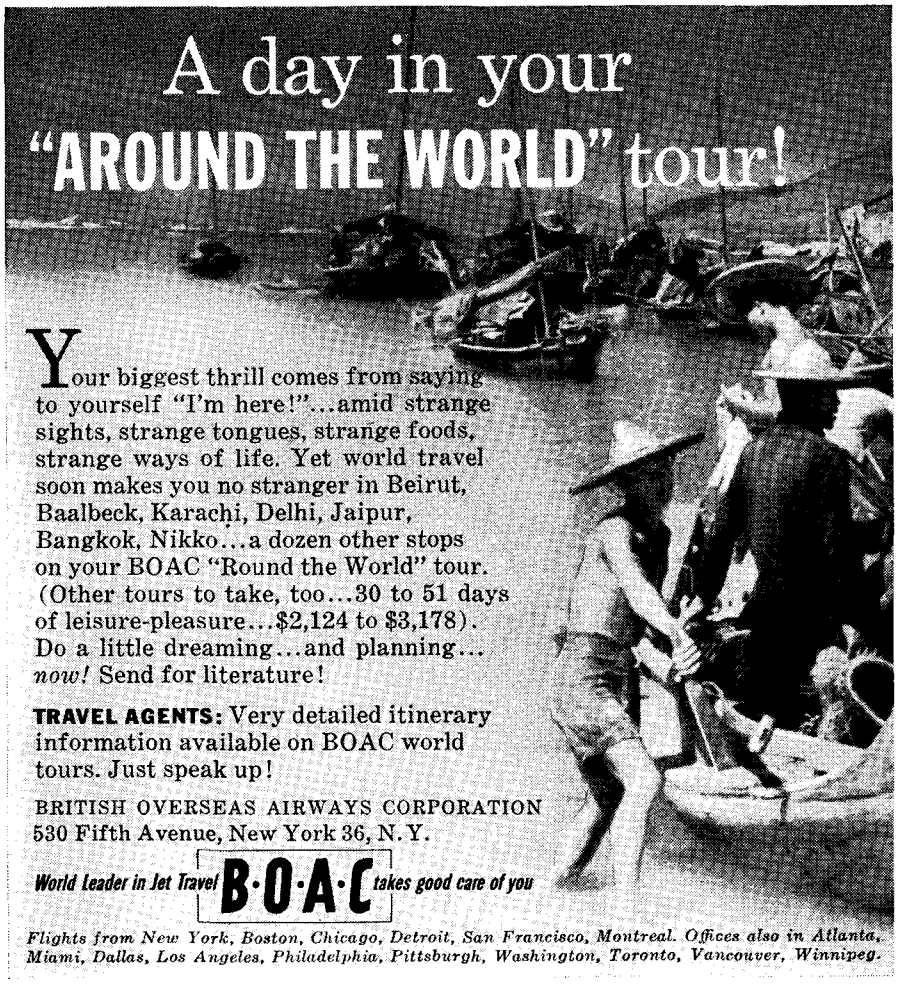
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Lyons

Continued from page 26

of the Netherlands. Mr. Marx himself was busy that night, attending his regular night-courses at the New School for Social Research. In New York you can learn anything you want to learn, day or night.

I qualified both as a professional accountant and as a lawyer by attending the night-classes at CCNY and St. John's University. There were classes available for my third and final profession, journalism, if I'd had the patience to attend.

I live now on Central Park West, and although I work in the clamor of New York's nightlife my home is as peaceful and pastoral a setting as you'd find in a Grant Wood painting. Only prettier. I live on the twenty-first floor of an apartment house seven minutes from Times Square. On my terraces are the flowers which sprout from March to October and which are tended with the same care an Idaho farmer gives to his crops.

On summer nights we often can hear the strains of the band-concerts on the Mall, or the accompaniment to the brilliant, free Shakespeare productions across the street. Sometimes there is premium-music, the violin practice of Isaac Stern, whose terrace is two floors below mine, and the clarinet playing of my newest neighbor, Phil Silvers.

From my windows I've watched countless dawns come up over Long Island and the lakes of Central Park, as thunderously as those I saw in Mandalay. I've seen the many sunsets dim the Hudson and the Palisades, sometimes cold and gray, like those I watched in Leningrad, and sometimes warm and golden, like those I saw below the Southern Cross.

There is no monotonous weather in New York, a city blessed by the stimulating changes of all four seasons. The broad acres of the park across the street are more varied than Versailles', and with a better gardener, too: Commissioner Robert Moses. The park has been our playing-field, not as level perhaps as those I saw at Eton, but for a full generation my sons have brought their friends here for the week-end games which helped train a rich crop of athletes for the colleges to which they later went.

And they grew tall, too, these Manhattan youngsters, as tall and as sturdy as any of their Texas or California contemporaries. And in New York my children have had available to them more museums, more parks, more playgrounds, and more schools than in any other city of the world.

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All sorts of public and private schools with rich curricula are on hand to nurture any special gifts a New York child might possess.

New York has *everything* I want. The Atlantic, the Sound, and the beaches and golf clubs are within easy drive. There's sledding and ice-skating in the park, and the ski-slopes and toboggan runs of Grossinger's are but two hours from the George Washington Bridge. Horseback riding, tennis, rowing, hospitals and, of course, the most spectacular shop-windows in the world a few minutes away.

In Moscow I once attended a reception for the touring cast of "Porgy and Bess." A representative of the Soviet Ministry of Culture made a welcoming speech in which he referred, rather patronizingly, to the cultural-exchange between the two nations. Robert Breen, co-producer and director of the show, made an acknowledgment speech, which was brief, fully responsive, and showmanlike.

He opened a page of the Drama Section of the Sunday *New York Times,* and merely read some of the ads—a formidable list of plays, ballets, concerts, painting exhibits, operas, dance and poetry recitals, art-movies, classic and modern shows—all available that week, and a shattering weapon in any battle of Culture.

New York is the dazzling arena which offers the brightest promise, the biggest headlines, the quickest glory to everyone who's ever had a ticker-tape-parade notion in his head. They all come to New York eventually—the diplomat and screen star, the scientist and mobleader, the Channel swimmer and oil-prospector who struck it rich. Be he best-selling novelist, or a Latin-American President in exile, be he tout, black-marketeer or average hopeful or deposed king, his path converges inevitably in New York's lights.

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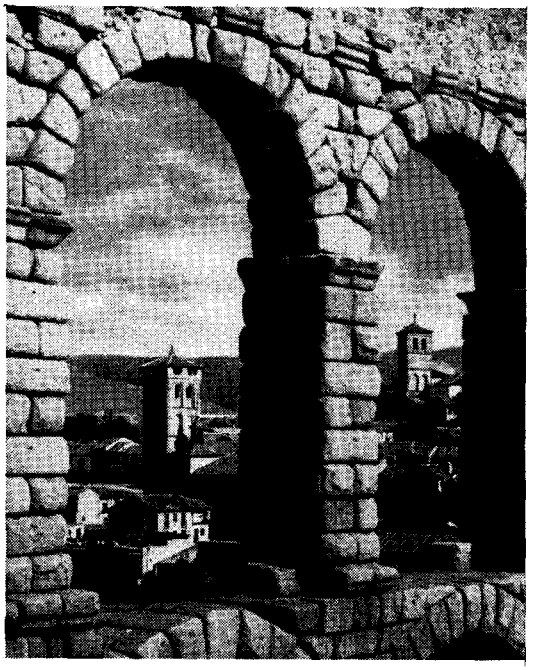

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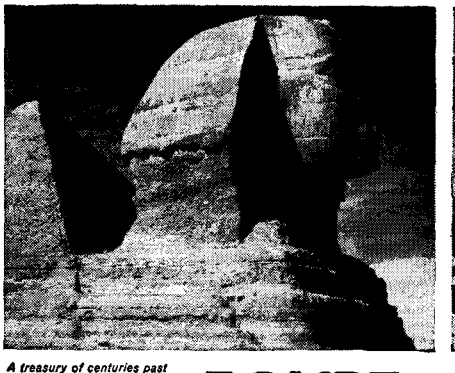

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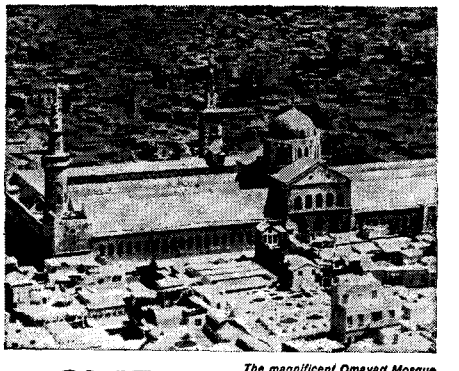

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Gershwin

Continued from page 27

a two-cent lending library side-line (in the back a wooden bench with three or four piles of nickel novels to exchange: the "Young Wild West," "Pluck and Luck," "Fred Fearnot," and "Liberty Boys of '76" series); then the discovery of the public library, and the first book you took out was one on Thackeray's contributions to *Punch*—not that you were especially interested, but a visiting relative wanted it; the Atlantic Gardens on the Bowery—a nice great-uncle took you—where you heard a sixteen-piece lady orchestra, saw several acts, then a one-reel movie, while you ate a sausage and drank a small beer; Huber's Museum on 14th Street (trained fleas, magic, card tricks for sale); the Eden Musée on 23rd (horror and other waxworks); the Sheepshead Bay and Brighton Beach race tracks whenever your parents went. . . . At twelve you weren't the smartest boy in your class at P.S. 20 but you were the best informed about New York and its landmarks, and one Saturday, at teacher's suggestion, you led an expedition of half a dozen classmates to City Hall Park to see the statue of Nathan Hale, and got all the way down to the Battery and the Aquarium. No question you were—first and last—a New Yorker.

You entered Townsend Harris High on 23rd Street; your brother became a song plugger at fifteen and brought home all the latest show songs; you were crazy about vaudeville, especially Keith's on 14th Street and Hammerstein's Victoria (as many as eighteen acts some weeks, all for a quarter seat in the gallery); you made FPA's column; you had a song in a Broadway show; you did the lyrics for an entire show and they paid you (you felt you should pay them); you visited friends in Greenwich Village and met the girl you married; you lived in a penthouse overlooking the Hudson, had scores of wonderful friends, did lots of entertaining. . . . It was all pretty exciting. One thing though: You were always catching cold.

In the winter of 1930 my brother and I rented a house in Beverly Hills for four months. We had a fourteen-week contract to do the songs for a film. The rainy season was on in southern California, but it rained only about one day in ten. Otherwise, the sky was blue and cloudless, the days sunny and balmy, the nights cool. There was greenery everywhere; and if the luscious looking roses gave no aroma (as we'd been forewarned), their lack of scent was more than made up for by orange blossoms, honeysuckle, and night-blooming jasmine. Too, we'd been continually vogue-phrased that the climate was enervating, but somehow we worked as well as ever. And when we liked, we could take an afternoon off for golf or tennis—this was winter, mind you. Evenings, we visited, or were visited by, any number of friends—any number of them, incidentally, New Yorkers. (Incidentally again, most of them still live here.) And when I read of eastern blizzards and zero weather, I felt that besides making what's called a good living, I was working in, and enjoying, a vacation land.

In the summer of 1936 we were back again on another job. The weather now was much warmer, the thermometer sometimes reaching 100. But there was so little humidity that work was still possible in the daytime, and the nights were still cool. I never felt better and decided that the Charles Dudley Warner dictum, "Everybody talks about the weather but nobody does anything about it," could be refuted. Which I did by settling here for good.

So, sure, since the war L.A. County has become less agricultural and more industrial—thanks to which, once in a while we have an eye-irritating smogful day. I don't like it but can stand it better than cold weather and colds. And sure, there isn't too much theatre but, kill me, I've been a moviegoer since the time the shoestore on Grand Street became a nickelodeon. And should I care to ski—I don't, but if I did—there's Mt. Baldy an hour away; should I need the desert—I don't, but if I did—Palm Springs is two hours away. Deep-sea fishing? skin diving? (who, me?)—the Pacific is half an hour away; should I yearn to *olé* at bullfights (once was enough) or at *jai alai* (sometimes)—Mexico is three hours away; should I feel the urge (yes, on most Saturdays I do) to collect more non-redeemable pari-mutuel tickets—there's Santa Anita an hour away and Hollywood Park half that. And any number of other geographical possibilities.

And then there's Lee Shew, our incomparable Chinese cook, who has been with us for ten years. He once lived in New York and if he decided to go back there we'd probably follow him. But, happily, when I asked him recently if he had any such desire, he shook his head and said, "Too noisy, too hot, too cold, two shirts a day." So, California, here I stay.

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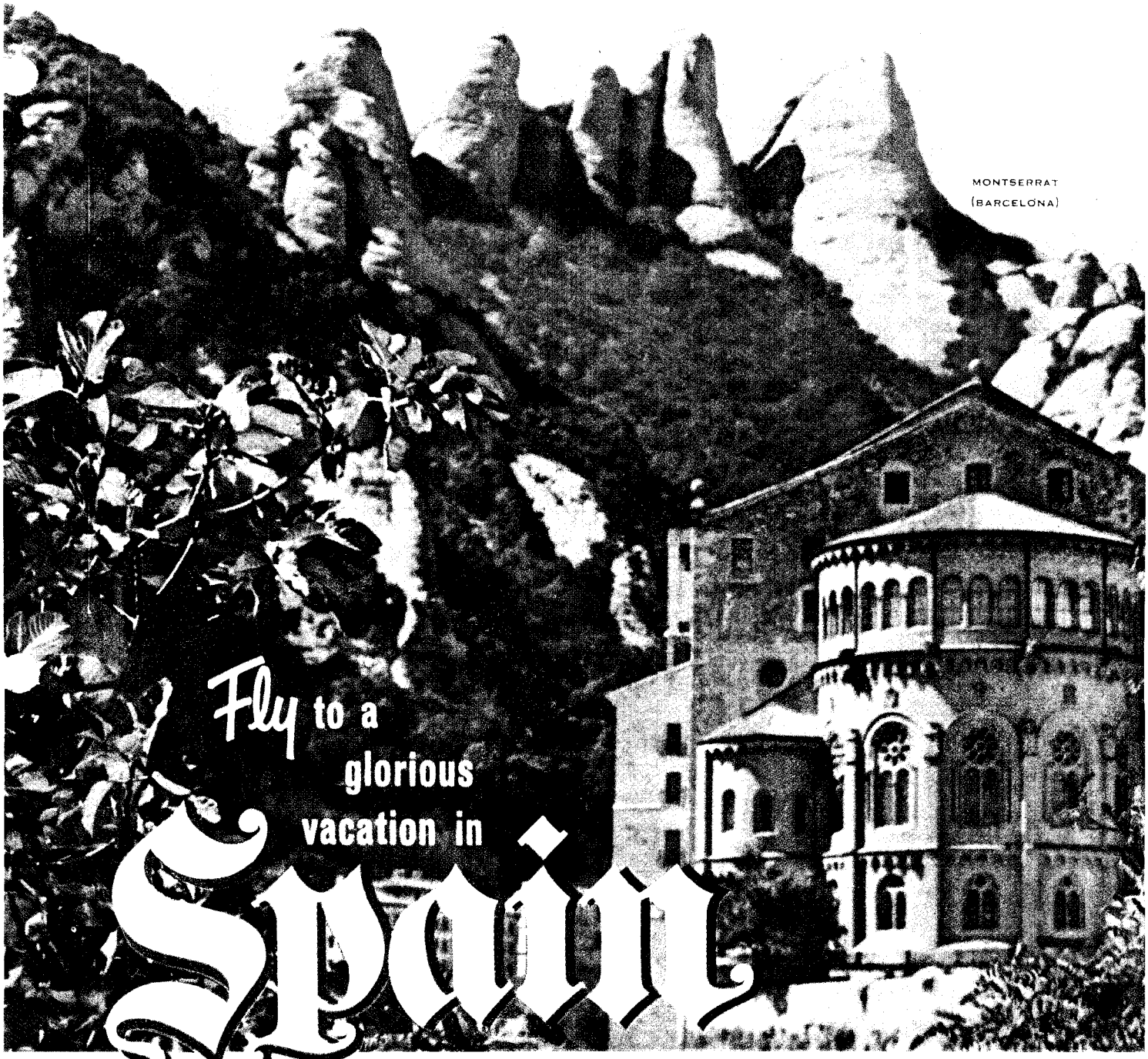

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Kolodin

Continued from page 30

seen) at dinner, perhaps at the Colony. On the other hand, you might find all kinds of high-priced operatic talent at the Hamburger Ranch at 561 7th Avenue, for that is directly across from the stage door of the Metropolitan. Americans, particularly, who are hamburger eaters before they are musicians, consider it a haven of refreshment during the day's work on a new production.

As well as eating according to economics and professional diversity, musicians eat in the hierarchy of employer and employe. A good deal of business, in the mundane but oh-so-important aspect of music concerned with money, is transacted in a circle radiating from Steinway Hall on 57th Street and Sixth Avenue, and taking in the location at 711 Fifth Avenue where the National Artists' Corporation has its headquarters, and the Heckscher Building where S. Hurok stables his talent (all thoroughbreds, of course). Where you go for lunch is a fair indication of how you rate with management. The Oak Room at the Plaza is for high level interrogations; the St. Moritz for matters of moment but not urgency; a scattering of neighborhood bistros (Larré's, L'Auberge de France, La Petite Marmite) for social amenities of the "see you for lunch sometime" variety.

To be sure, the results are not always to the taste of those whose status determines where they eat. I recall an occasion when I had the privilege of sharing a meal with Artur Rubinstein at the Oak Room. As the captain appeared, all flourishes and importance, Rubinstein said, "I think I would like some sardines to start." "Yes," said the captain, "boneless, skinless, — — —" and hustled away. "You know," said Rubinstein somewhat sadly, "*I* like sardines with the skin *and* bones, but — — —" and his gesture expressed, clearly, that he was the prisoner of his own success, expected to eat the most expensive thing whether he wanted it or not.

So the next time you see grouse with truffles appear on the table of a celebrity, don't conclude that his (or her) tastes are so rarified nothing else will do. It's quite possible that the diner would rather be carving a London broil in Hector's Cafeteria, or mopping up the juices of a pastrami sandwich in the Old Roumanian Broiling House. Time and the tide of acclaim just don't permit it.

At the same time, it is a fairly sound rule that you will never find a musician in a place called Polonaise, Musette, Czardas, or Gavotte. A man, after all, has to have some respite from "the game."

WHERE THEY MEET AND MINGLE

3. The Admen

By JOSEPH KASELOW

THE area where the advertising-public relations fraternity does its cookie-crumbling probably offers better eating—and more varied—than any other quarter in the world. Go ahead and challenge that statement, Gourmets of the World. But we'll stick by it even though our travels haven't taken us to all the places that send expert knife and fork wielders into rhapsodies. There's a good reason for this section's plethora of good eating places. The same fire that sparked United States industrial supremacy has lighted the eyes, and ranges, of the restaurant owner: Competition for the American dollar. In this case, the expense account dollar. And the unwary visitor to New York who happens upon one of these places is the beneficiary.

The chow is not only top-notch, but the natives are an interesting group to behold. Don't let any spoilsport tell you that you won't see the latest in Madison Avenue dress or hear the run-it-up-the-flagpole-and-see-who-salutes type of chatter. The same ad guy who says he never heard anyone in the business say "Let's skip it across the pond and see if it reaches the other side," will be heard muttering a few minutes later, "Let's leave it on the floor and walk around it a while." They're a fascinating crowd and don't let anyone tell you they're no different than your midwestern uncle, even though many of them aren't too long removed from that locale.

Now, then, how can you ferret out this group and these places? The sim-

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ple way is to walk up Fifth Avenue any week-day at noon, starting at about Forty-third Street. Keep to the east side of the street, preferably. There are loads of good eating places on the west side, but we're trying to make this simple, remember. At almost any street up to Sixtieth you can take a sharp turn off the avenue and by avoiding a few hamburger joints, almost blindfolded run into an adman's eating place. Actually the area infiltrated by this group stretches roughly from Thirty-eighth Street to Sixty-first Street, bounded by Eighth Avenue on the west (to include Sardi's) and Second Avenue on the east, for places like Manuche's. To the south there's the White Turkey at Thirty-eighth and Madison Avenue (some may go as far south as the Vanderbilt on Thirty-fourth), and to the north there's Carlton House at Sixty-First and Madison. That area's hotels get a big play—the Savoy-Hilton, the Pierre, the Plaza. If you want to drop smack down in the center of this section, you'll find a cheery welcome at Rattazzi's just east of Fifth Avenue on Forty-eighth Street. Dick Rattazzi's play from the advertising crowd has literally gone through the ceiling. He recently had to tear through the overhead to make room upstairs for the people he's been turning away.

Now in order to forestall some of the why-didn't-you-mention-this-place letters, let us say right now that this is not intended to be a directory—just sort of a strolling guide. Also it will not mention some of the private clubs perched atop skyscrapers and frequented by those with loftier titles, salaries and expense accounts.

THERE are so many good eating places in this area that recent entries in the race have had to resort to special themes to get attention. Eating at these places is like playing a game, but it will cost you somewhat more than Chinese checkers. Among the more fabulous of these are, get this, The Forum of the Twelve Caesars and, more down to earth in name but no less posh in its way, Trader Vic's. The Forum was two years in the making and cost $500,000. It is located at 57 W. 48th St., the first new restaurant in Rockefeller Center in eight years. Decor is ancient Roman in feeling, highlighted by twelve heroic-size seventeenth century paintings, authenticated by the Metropolitan Museum of Art, of the twelve Caesars. The menu features such items as Our Roman Ramekin; The Golden Eggs of Crassus, Crêpes of the Mad Nero, and, with a wink in the direction of Madison

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Avenue, Mushrooms of the "Sincere" Claudius.

Trader Vic's transports you to the tropics and the Far East. Its decor features war clubs from the Fiji Islands and the Marquesas, turtle shells, blow fish and porcupine fish.

We mentioned variety, as well as quantity, so for those who think only of French cooking when good eating is mentioned, you might try the Café St. Denis at 11 E. 53d St., or Le Chanteclair, at 18 E. 49th St. The aforementioned Rattazzi's will serve you up Italian and French dishes as well as American, and don't forget Sardi's cannelloni. (Sardi, incidentally, succumbed to the lure of the East Side ad trade by opening up Sardi's East recently at 123 E. 54th.)

AS FOR a short directory, an abbreviated listing where admen meet and mingle, and dine and sign, might include these establishments. Tim Costello's—699 Third Ave., which gets a play from leading agency people for intra-mural lunch dates; Cherio, 46 E. 50th St., a rendezvous for agency people and solvent actors; Absinthe House, 130 W. 48th St., which draws the NBC crowd and magazine staffers from Time, Inc.; Michael's Pub, 3 E. 48th St., favored by a lot of agency copywriters, the well-paid ones who don't mind paying Michael's price for a hamburger; Louis & Armand, 42 E. 52d St., standby for CBS people, producers, actors whose alimony is paid up, network sales executives; Berkshire dining room, Madison and 52d St., same as immediately preceding, but no actors; Al Schacht's, 102 E. 52d St., a solid rendezvous for down-to-earth sessions; Brussels, 115 E. 54th St., for upper bracket and upper status Madison Avenue folk; Manny Wolf's, Third Ave. and 49th St., for ad men who can take steak at lunch; Toots Shor's, 51 W. 51st St., loaded with Madison Avenue, Broadway, sports, TV, and the press accompanied by public relations men. Then there's the famous 21, of course, that gets the top agency brass and those hoping to bump into them, along with the Stork Club and Harwyn.

Some indication of why this lush (no pun intended) eating area exists is provided by Diners' Club surveys of the last five years. Both advertising and public relations have been no lower than fifth of all industries in spending for business entertainment, according to the credit card organization. Last year, public relations was first; in 1956, it was second; third, in 1955, second in 1954, and fifth in 1953. The advertising business was third in 1957; fifth in 1956; and first in 1953 and 1955.

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WHERE THEY MEET AND MINGLE

4. The Bookmen

By PYKE JOHNSON, JR.

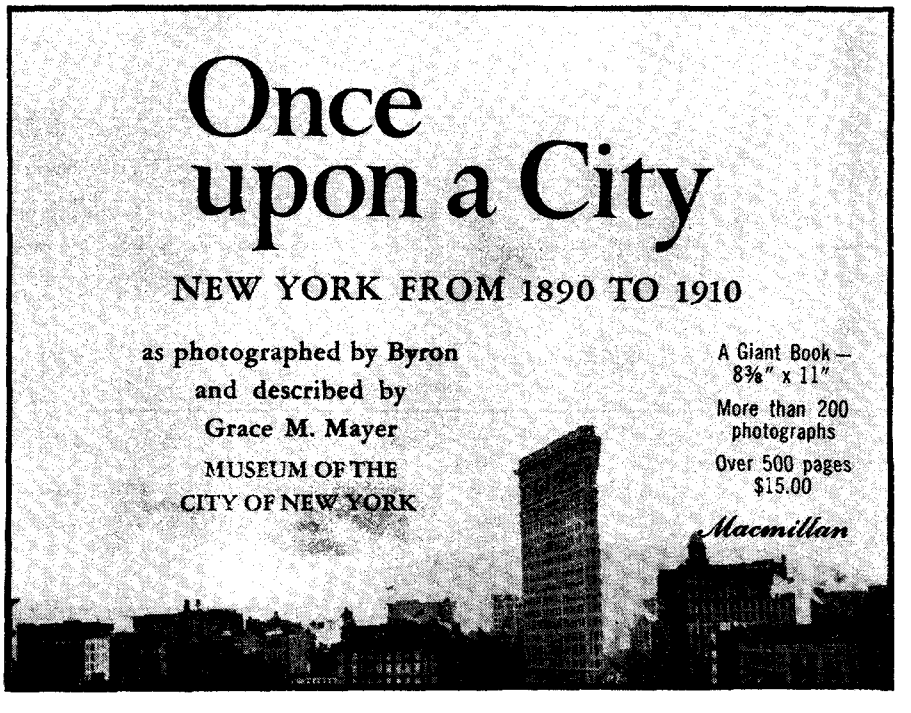
THE eating habits of the book trade have changed considerably since the days when Maxwell Perkins could be seen daily at the same table in the now defunct Cherio's on East 53rd Street. The publishers have spread out geographically, with Viking north of 58th Street and Harcourt, Brace over on Third Avenue, but Madison Avenue still remains the industry's backbone, and as a result most of the favored eating places are not too far east or west of it.

In the uptown, or 50th Street, area, the major gathering place of publishers is the Brussels at 11 East 54th, where are to be found such luminaries as Bennett Cerf and Donald Klopfer of Random House, Doubleday's Douglas Black or Victor Weybright of the New American Library. Two favored spots on East 49th are Le Marmiton, where William Faulkner may frequently be seen upstairs, and Le Chanteclair. The latter is also the headquarters of the racing car fraternity, so it is not surprising that many of publishing's big wheels turn up there, among them David McDowell and Ivan Obolensky; Barnaby Conrad, the San Francisco author-restaurateur, and Max Gissen, *Time's* book editor, who may be seen sitting morosely at a corner table.

Restaurants further north that catch a good deal of the book business trade include Monsignore, 61 E. 55th; Le Valois, 45 E. 58th, where the staffs of Viking and Rinehart, among them Pat Newell, publishing's prettiest publicity person, gather; and Brown's, a new place at 162 E. 61st, which is run by Gloria Safier, herself a literary and theatrical agent.

Another nest of publishers is clustered under the shadow of the Empire State Building. They tend to gather at 10 Park Avenue, a favorite eating place for those who toil at Harper's or Dodd, Mead; in the Purple Cow at the Vanderbilt Hotel at 34th Street and Park Avenue; or at the Kenmore at 145 East 23rd. The last is known as "Dutton's Canteen," although Elliott Macrae, Dutton's President, the man responsible for so many mountain books, now goes uptown to revel in the Polynesian atmosphere and cuisine of Trader Vic's.

The downtown publishers tend to stay close to Fifth Avenue. Among them a favorite is the Brevoort, at 11 Fifth, where Arthur Cohen, guiding light of Meridian Books, Roger Straus



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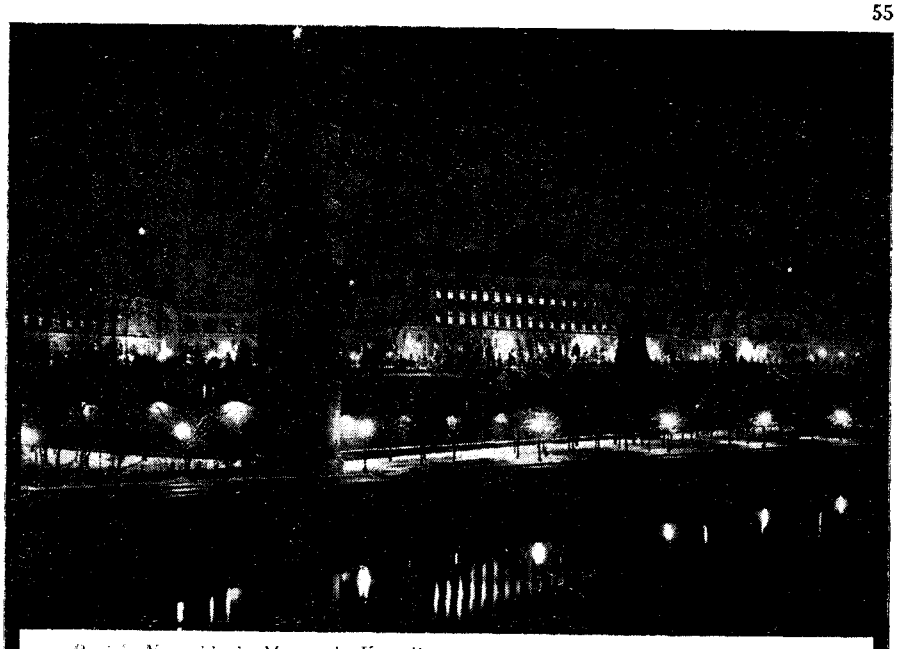
of Farrar, Straus and Cudahy, and various executives of the Oxford University Press lunch regularly. Sixty-Eight Restaurant, located of course, at 59 Fifth Avenue, gets the trade of Prentice-Hall and Macmillan, although George Brett, head of the latter, frequents the Grosvenor Hotel at 35 Fifth Avenue, as does Storer Lunt of Norton.

In addition to these, there are the old established standbys: the Algonquin, the one place where one is always sure to see an author; Sardi's, both the East and the West branches, where such novelist-playwrights as Richard Bissell and George Axelrod are to be seen: "21," the regular lunch spot of John O'Hara and John Steinbeck, among many others; the Cub Room of the Stork Club, which is patronized by Alfred Knopf, publishing's most distinguished gourmet; and Lüchow's, a favorite for dinner as well as lunch.

Publishers are hardworking men, and a number of them have lunch brought in to their desks. None, however, is served more grandly than the Book-of-the-Month Club judges. When they foregather for meetings, the walls of the executive offices are rolled back and a meal is served by caterers.

Much of publishing's most serious business is done at lunchtime in private clubs, among them the Century, the Players, the Harvard Club, and the University Club. Here contracts are discussed, manuscripts dissected, vast new publishing schemes hatched, and gossip exchanged. The Racquet Club is the noontime goal of the president of one well-known firm. He utilizes the period for a quick workout, followed by a Spartan meal.

Finally, two general observations. Anyone who visits any of the places I have mentioned may usually spot the publishers by the wine bucket at the side of the table, and he will be reassured as to the diet of publishers, who, it turns out, eat the same food as ordinary mortals and do not dine exclusively on authors. And many of the people in publishing, when they are not transacting business at lunch, may be found at the nearest drugstore counter or, like Knopf's David Herrmann, at Hamburger Heaven.



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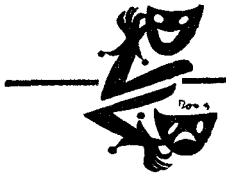

BROADWAY POSTSCRIPT

The Playboy Goes West

THE late Eugene O'Neill's **"A Touch of the Poet,"** the first smash hit of the new Broadway season, glows like a beautiful bridge that stretches from the receding shore of old-fashioned theatrical conventions to the new love-filled O'Neill we have discovered posthumously in the Fifties. The play begins conventionally with an undisguised expository scene, in which we are told without our really wanting to know the past history of Major Con Melody, an Irish immigrant to the suburbs of 1828 Boston. We learn that he had fought bravely under Wellington at the Battle of Talavera, but that his hotheadedness had later resulted in his being cashiered. We also learn that he has pretensions of aristocracy, which cause him to keep a fancy mare while his hard-working wife Nora, whom he considers beneath him in class, must struggle to keep the tavern going. But with the entrance of the Major's daughter Sara we suddenly begin to feel that behind these over-explicit characters there runs a strong current of love, which if they but let it will carry them to earthly redemption.

Nora is the shining example here. She accepts joyously her state of being in love with a man who enslaves, humiliates, and is unfaithful to her. She is the embodiment of the beatitude, "Blessed are the meek, for they shall inherit the earth." Through her O'Neill explores and rediscovers the living truth of what has seemed to many an impractical precept.

Through the early parts of this New York production ("A Touch of the Poet" premiered in Stockholm, see *SR* Apr. 13, 1957), the redeeming current flickers a bit as the performers tend to make too much of individual bits of humor and too little of the emotional storms O'Neill has brewed for them. For instance, when Con in the middle of kissing Nora suddenly pushes her away because she smells from working in the kitchen, it seems more an oversight in personal hygiene than it does a soul-searing moment of unforgivable cruelty.

Eric Portman plays the falsely proud major with the same embarrassed sense of shame he brought to the bogus officer in "Separate Tables." Employing a monotonous halting rhythm in which he swallows the beginnings of each speech, he is not only hard to understand, but he also emerges as British rather than Irish, and smaller in size than O'Neill drew the role. Helen Hayes as Nora also departs from the O'Neill vision. She seems resourceful, spry, and a little inclined to put on an act for company. While she succeeds in making some of the interludes very amusing by hopping about or by clapping her hands suddenly to her face in exaggerated comic reaction to a line of dialogue, this is a far cry from the passive and vulnerable woman O'Neill described. And Kim Stanley, who brings such miraculous fullness to the role of Sara, never quite convinces us that she possesses the underlying shrewdness, pride, and driving ambition she is supposed to lose in the last act.

As for the play's comments on America in transition, the mixing of European elegance and refinement with tight-fisted Yankee "aristocracy," O'Neill has written this into one short scene featuring the half-French mother of the young scion for whom Sara has set her cap. But Betty Field, who is to be congratulated for attempting a role away-from-type, mus work so hard at being Mrs. Harford that she doesn't have enough energy left to think and feel through the vital things Mrs. Harford is saying. Thus, we tend to miss their significance.

ON THE positive side of the ledger, it must be admitted that the play moves very quickly and that director Harold Clurman shows he understands these themes in a brilliant program note. But for this reviewer the production does not burst into an appropriate dramatic urgency until the end of the third act. Then Helen Hayes, her face pinched and white in desperate worry for her husband, fashions a truly unforgettable moment of theatre.

Happily, this change for the better continues through Act Four as she and Miss Stanley play two beautiful scenes together. In the first, Sara reveals that she has made love to her young man while her mother, who is worrying about what the police may be doing to Con, pretends to but doesn't really listen to her. The other comes at the end of the play after Con has been cured of his aristocratic illusions. Sara in mourning for the loss of her father's false pride comes to a touching recognition of her own true pride at the same moment as we see her mother exult in her earthly inheritance. Thus, the play's main intention does come through. But it is a pity that along the way so much of this rich theatrical legacy has been squandered. —HENRY HEWES.

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By R. G. Everson

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lake ice elbows itself
and presses down the water.
I hear ice split;
water sprays up in pressure ridges.

Cold squeezes my blood
to run faster.
Remember the rape outside Drumheller
at fifty below?
Canadians are hardy.

Beware of me, my love,
in an eternity of cold;
my death makes me more active.

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Tired Blood

A LITTLE more than a year ago Warner Brothers imported from England a cheap but expertly made adaptation of Mary Shelley's classic tale of horror, "Frankenstein." They acquired the rights for buttons and, to their astonishment, racked up a gross of millions. The lesson was lost neither on Warners nor on their rival studios. Immediately all of them threw into production literally dozens of monster pictures, stories of fiends without faces—or with faces as horrendous as the make-up department could contrive—stories that often merged the more *outré* aspects of the science-fiction craze of several years back with the gory delights of vampires, ghouls, and manic killers. In "I Was a Teen-Age Werewolf," the producers added another popular element, an identification with the youth of America, the most ardent supporters of these pictures.

Not coincidentally, it is these same teen-agers who are today's most consistent moviegoers. Industry surveys have proved this, and studio heads have followed the easy path to "good business" by turning out in the last twelve months alone well over fifty such pictures. They are cheap to make, easy to exploit. And theatre managers have gone along with the game, putting on night-long horror-amas, offering life-insurance to their patrons, and ostentatiously stationing iron lungs and nurses in their lobbies. It is the same "fast buck" philosophy that has crippled movies in the past, and promises to do so again in the very near future..

For the fact is that the pictures dropping off the assembly line today are not so much horror as horrid. Films like **"The Blob"** (Paramount) and **"Blood of the Vampire"** (Universal) abound in gruesome details, are drenched in gore. Others, like **"Monster on the Campus"** (Universal) or **"War of the Colossal Beast"** (AIP), depend for their shocks either on the kind of rubberized false faces displayed in "magic" shops or on fairly obvious animated trick-effects. As my colleague Hollis Alpert has said, their special appeal seems to lie in their wilful challenging of all the taboos of decent society. Their monsters drink human blood, like cannibals. In their madness they devise tortures and punishments startlingly similar to the nightmare terrors of the Nazi concentration camps.

While it cannot be denied that there is a certain grim fascination in watching the prison doctor of "Blood of the Vampire" perform gruesome experiments on his charges, or in seeing the glowing, gelatinous "blob" devour a human arm, such grisly moments—scattered methodically through all the current horror pictures—invariably produce sensations of nastiness rather than of terror. Terror rises from the unseen, the unknown, the inexplicable. It is a principle that Val Lewton, who created some of the finest horror films of all time, knew well. No one who ever saw his "Cat People" can possibly forget its sequence in a deserted swimming pool, with the stealthy tread of a deadly black panther moving through the shadows toward the heroine—never seen, never shown, the darkness surrounding the pool inviting the imagination to shapes more terrible than make-up and photography could possibly devise.

The trouble with today's horror cycle lies in their insistence on the specific. They show, crudely and in detail, what might better be suggested. As a result, far from being horrendous, when shown in a theatre they tend to produce gales of unintended laughter. The "blob" rolls along like a ball of raspberry gelatine. The young hero of "Monster on the Campus" concludes an eighty-eight-minute conversation, in English, with a French scientist by saying "merci mille fois." The police report that the giant fingerprints of a Stone-Age throwback "are not on file either with the FBI or the Motor Vehicle Bureau." The elements that might make for horror—a trail of undigested clothing left by the man-eating "blob," a suggestion of method in the blood-thirsty madness of the mad scientist in "Blood of the Vampire"—are sadly lacking. Indeed, the punch of these pictures is generally deflected by the first glimpse of the monster itself, so pitifully lacking in either imagination or finesse.

The real horror is that these pictures, with their bestialities, their sadism, their lust for blood, and their primitive level of conception and execution should find their greatest acceptance among the young. It is sad enough as a commentary on our youth, but even more so on the standards of our motion-picture industry. In England, where films are not censored but rated as to their suitability

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BURL IVES
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JUDITH ANDERSON
Screenplay by
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Based on a play "CAT ON A HOT TIN ROOF" by
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Directed by RICHARD BROOKS
Produced by LAWRENCE WEINGARTEN
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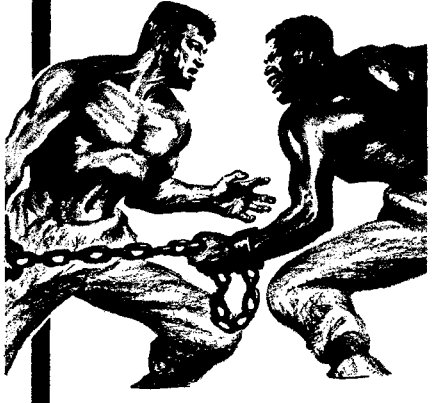

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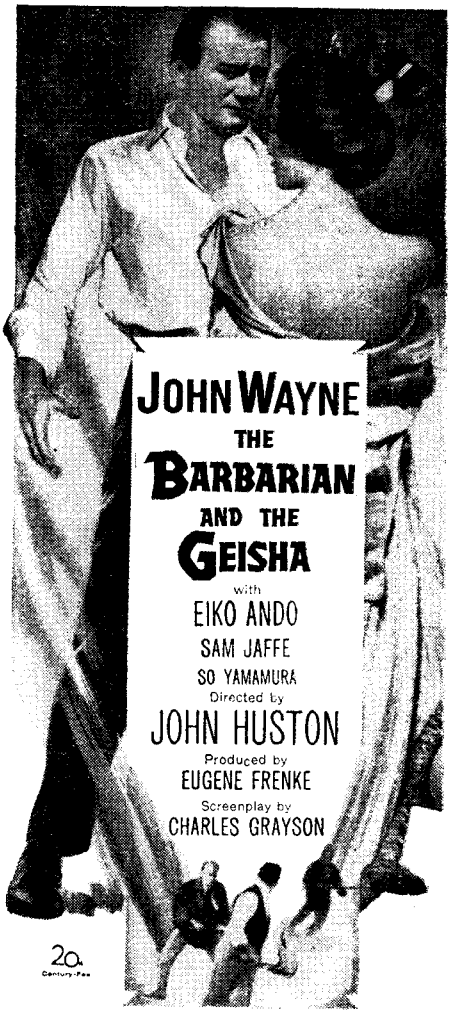

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for various age groups, these pictures invariably receive an "X"—suitable for adults only. Such a scheme, rigidly enforced over here, would soon see the disappearance of blobs, monsters, beasts, and ghouls from Hollywood's production schedules.

* * *

That horror can exist without monsters or camera tricks is amply illustrated in **"The Seventh Seal"** (Janus), a new Swedish import directed by Ingmar Bergman. Essentially, it is a morality play set against the Black Plague that raged through Europe in the middle of the fourteenth century. A Knight returns to Sweden from the Crusades beset by doubts, searching for the meaning of life and religion. He plays a game of chess with Death, not to win but to prolong his search. His quest leads him to Breughel-like inns and fairs, to corrupt clergymen and innocent fools, to lechers, knaves, and brutes, until he finally learns in his last desperate encounter with Death itself that there is neither an answer to life nor any escape from death. The happy man is the fool who never questions, merely accepts. Significantly, his name is Joseph; his wife is Mary—and with their child they move in simple contentment toward the future as this strange and beautiful film draws to a close.

But the beauties of "The Seventh Seal"—both a physical beauty and a loftiness of conception—are accented by a terror that Bergman produces with the simplest of means. We are told of the Black Plague, and we see a great hawk hovering motionless in an empty sky. We are told of Death, and we see two horses standing alone, riderless on a rocky beach. A man sits huddled in a cowl, and for a moment the camera reveals his plague-ridden face. A band of flagellants make their way across a plain, and the camera holds upon the desolation in the wake of their passing. As the Knight makes his confession in a lonely church, his confessor turns and it is Death. These are moments of psychological, not physical, horror. They bring to us a touch of the supernatural, the terror that comes from not understanding, not knowing. It is the quality that has distinguished all great horror fiction and the few great horror films. "The Seventh Seal" is not a horror picture; but in the end, when the light returns, it produces the same sensation of having been purged and cleaned.

—ARTHUR KNIGHT.

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MUSIC TO MY EARS

At Home with Bernstein—Sophie Ginn

THE OLD order changeth, yielding place to new, even at the New York Philharmonic. As a kind of symbolic transition, last year's divided authority between Dimitri Mitropoulos and Leonard Bernstein has been succeeded in Carnegie Hall by another kind of duality, this time occupying a single body. On the one hand, there is (as he is known to friends and colleagues) Lennie, who talks, sings, plays the piano, and otherwise "functions" non-conductorially; on the other, the entity known to European soloists and composers whose music he plays as "Bearnsteen." Lennie I can leave; Bernstein (however pronounced) I gladly take.

When Lennie was not talking, singing, or playing the piano at the first Thursday "preview" (merely talking on the first Saturday broadcast), Bernstein was showing that the few weeks the orchestra has spent under his exclusive care—the molding process doubtless began during the South American tour at the end of the last regular season—has been vastly to its benefit. Whereas the prevailing image this orchestra has had of itself was of something amorphous, chameleon-like, or even, one is tempted to say, faceless, Bernstein has succeeded in giving it a new tonal profile, drawn by his own strongly personal concept of orchestral sound.

This substantial fact outweighs all the publicity-minded, box-office-slanted aspects of the cultural vaudeville show which drew a dressy, celebrity-minded audience to the first Thursday preview. Since these are not meant for the press, comment would be as pointless as a sportswriter's evaluation of batting practice. If these preliminaries serve the same function of preparing the participants for the time of decision that follows, the outcome is the only index to the success of the scheme.

As a first consideration: the "strongly personal sound" of the orchestra, which can be a virtue or a vice, according to the inclinations of the person involved. In the case of Bernstein (manifest on Thursday night first in a bonus presentation of Berlioz's "Roman Carnival" overture, which the orchestra has been playing on tour) it relates to whistle-clean articulation of every note; a keen sense of balance which permits such weaker instruments as bassoons and violas to be heard in their natural tonal voices, without overblowing or scraping; a strong sense of relative dynamics in which the soft sounds are sufficiently low in scale to permit a strongly contrasted fortissimo which is, nevertheless, not raucous. Having "tuned" his instrument so well, in a relatively short time, audiences of the future can look ahead to programs embodying his vigorous musicality in sound at least the equal of their hi-fi equivalents.

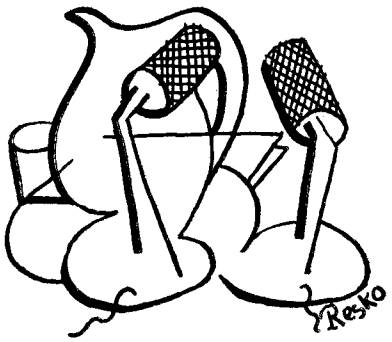
Though the "previews" are meant to be off the critical record, most of this one had been performed repeatedly on the pre-season tour, and thus did not conform to the circumstances that will prevail later on. Hence, it is equally non-conforming to these circumstances to say that the Berlioz was brilliantly played, if with some unduly fast tempos, that William Schuman's "American Festival" overture was similarly jet-propelled, and Charles Ives's Second Symphony performed at close to maximum efficiency. Lennie's commentary on this work drew attention to its naiveté, but Bernstein's conducting of it raised some doubts whether all the lengthy ramblings were, in truth, allusions to this or that, or fundamental weaknesses in Ives's resources. Its charm and appeal, its warmth and affection are plain to hear; but also its lack of self-criticism and discipline. In his introductory commentary, Lennie made some complimentary references to writers of the Henry James-Mark Twain genre relative to Ives. I doubt they would be read today were their uses of the written language as limited as Ives's use of the musical one. Yet it has that piercing quality of personality which must and always will rank higher on the artistic scale than mere professionalism.

ON THE new Saturday night broadcast time—creating a neat dilemma for those who formerly listened to the Boston Symphony programs at this time—Lennie was joined by Jimmie (as they addressed each other) Fassett in an intermission chat. Much of this reviewed ground covered by Bernstein in his "preview" of two days before. The evening-ending performance of Beethoven's Seventh showed the well-tuned instrument responding to Bernstein's direction with an elasticity, spring, and rhythmic resilience not customarily associated with these players. It was youthful, radiant, pulsating Beethoven that was heard, with no striving for extraneous "individuality." This crept in, nevertheless, in a scherzo more jocund (gay) than it sometimes is, the trio not quite in even pulsation at the slow-but-not-so-slow pace elected by Bernstein as a compromise between tradition and Toscanini. In the finale, the grinding momentum was evenly set in motion, but it seemed to roll downhill rather uncontrollably towards the end. To provide the regulated fury desirable is the province of mastery, which Bernstein has in view but not yet in hand.

CURIOSITY to hear what a singer presented by the New York Singing Teachers' Association as their third award winner with a Town Hall recital drew at least one listener (this one) to the program given by Sophie Ginn, soprano, with Charles Wadsworth at the piano. The initial impression was good: Miss Ginn has a well-placed voice of light and pleasing texture, which she used well in "Piangero la sorte mia" from Handel's "Giulio Cesare." It had a degree of restraint and containment not inappropriate to the material. As the succeeding group of German and American songs attested, Miss Ginn has but one way of singing— light, pleasing, cool, and without much present intensity.

Her Brahms ("Sonntag," "An die Nachtigall," and "Staendchen") and Wolf ("Das Verlassene Maegdlein" and "Er ist's") had been learned from an informed source and were correctly, if impersonally, formed. There was less of interest in Barber's "A Nun Takes the Veil," two folk songs arranged by Copland, and other material by Dougherty and Duke; characterization, which they require, is not much in Miss Ginn's line right now. Thus, the Association could regard their choice as soundly motivated so far as basic equipment is concerned, but Miss Ginn has to sing a lot (under proper guidance) and feel even more (in any circumstances that are productive) to make accomplishment out of promise. Her good appearance and musical aptitude are further factors in her favor. Wadsworth's piano playing was all right minded, not always sure fingered.

—IRVING KOLODIN.



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—*Wide World.*

Eighteen-year-old Joseph Schwartz shown with his parents after receiving fifty-year penitentiary sentence for slaying a Negro boy in Chicago to prove he was tough enough to wear jacket of local gang called the Rebels.

Violence in Society's Substratum

"The Shook-up Generation," by Harrison Salisbury *(Harper. 244 pp. $3.95), is a study of juvenile delinquency that the Pulitzer Prize-winning author originally undertook for* The New York Times. *Among the many books by* SR*'s reviewer Wenzell Brown, dealing with youth in conflict with the law, the best-known are "Monkey on My Back" and "The Violators."*

By Wenzell Brown

THE TITLE "The Shook-up Generation" is a catch phrase which is a misnomer for the group of confused, antisocial teen-agers whose violent exploits have been scare-headed in the press during recent years. By Mr. Salisbury's own estimate, these "dangerous youths" constitute only a fraction of 1 per cent of the total adolescent population. The alarming factor is not the numerical increase of youth who come into conflict with the law but the intensity and the obsessive nature of their destructive drives.

Unlike the so-called "Beat Generation" or England's "Angry Young Men," the "shook-up" youth cannot speak for themselves, for inarticulateness is an inherent ingredient of their frenetic, self-destructive revolt. As Mr. Salisbury points out, there is a high correlation between incapacity for self-expression, low-reading skill, and antisocial behavior. He reaches the conclusion that "nonreading is an early symptom of an antagonistic and aggressive reaction of the child against authority or against discipline and the accepted way of doing things."

Juvenile delinquency in its more vicious forms is, by and large, bred in slum areas and among underprivileged youth. But it cannot be contained there. It spreads outward infecting the young in every social and economic stratum of society. If youthful crime is to be curtailed, the factors from which it springs must be recognized and remedies applied at the source of infection.

What does the shook-up youth want? Mr. Salisbury put this question to a member of a teen-age fighting gang. The answer: "To stay alive." This response is far more revealing than it appears at first glance. This boy lived in constant fear of rival gangs, the police, adults, strangers, and every symbol of authority. He was afraid to move more than three or four blocks from home, even to go to the moving pictures because he would have to pass through the "turf" of another gang. Paradoxically, the basic cause of most youthful violence is the misdirected quest for security and conformity. Unable, through his own limitations, to find acceptance in approved channels, the adolescent moves into a social substratum where his revolt against the mores of society wins him recognition and a sense of belonging.

Mr. Salisbury is at his best in his vividly detailed reporting of street gang meetings and rumbles (gang fights). He has picked up the jargon of the street and has brought individual youngsters into sharp focus. When he editorializes, however, he tends to be confusing and contradictory. Nevertheless one concept emerges clearly: inasmuch as insecurity lies at the base of the disturbance among adolescents, the only effective remedies are those which give increased stability to their lives.

Too often society acts vengefully against the youthful offender. Mr. Salisbury deplores the "treat-'em-rough" school of thought, of which New York's Police Commissioner Stephen P. Kennedy is the outstanding spokesman. Mr. Kennedy, he explains, seeks to divorce the police from preventive work among adolescents and to confine their activities to the arrest and punishment of law violators. He would jettison the Juvenile Aid Bureau, the Children's Court, the Police Athletic League. He uses young unskilled policemen to round up youths on street corners and advises them "not to hesitate to use force when the situation requires."

Is it a wonder, Mr. Salisbury inquires, that youth rebels against authority so employed? In rebuttal of Mr. Kennedy, he quotes Captain Frederick Ludwig of the Juvenile Aid Bureau: "Why create crime? Why make young people avowed enemies of society? Dangerous people must be handled but why create hostility toward the police? Wouldn't it be better for some police to simply stay inside their station houses than to come out and arrest everybody in sight?"

Youth mirrors the adult world in which it lives, often pin-pointing its flaws and weaknesses through exaggeration. Mr. Salisbury does not supply all the answers about how to deal with the troubled youth whom he terms "The Shook-up Generation," and some of his conclusions are certainly open to question. Nevertheless he has provided a valuable addition to the expanding list of sociologically sound books which illuminate the nature and causes of the antisocial behavior of youth which has been sensationalized under the heading of juvenile delinquency.

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Insolvent Security

"U.S.A. — Second-Class Power?," by Drew Pearson and Jack Anderson *(Simon & Schuster. 352 pp. $3.95), paints an alarming picture of the state of the nation's military strength. Marquis W. Childs, a columnist with the United Feature Syndicate, weighs the authors' conclusions.*

By Marquis W. Childs

IN A capital dedicated to controversy there is no more controversial figure than Drew Pearson. He is hated and feared by many people, both Republicans and Democrats, and the reason is not hard to find. Again and again he has printed in his column material which others were too cautious to use or which he and his staff had the initiative to dig out.

"U.S.A.—Second-Class Power?" is a good example of the Pearson technique. It contains a mass of material to support the gravest charge made against the Eisenhower Administration—that the nation's defenses have been so cut back for economy and other more complicated reasons that this country is today a poor second to the Soviet Union in military strength. Readers of the Pearson column will recognize some of the material, such as the "leak" which led up to the court martial of Colonel John Nickerson in the conflict between the Army with its Jupiter missile and the Air Force with its intermediate-range Thor.

The cumulative detail is impressive. Much of the credit here goes to Pearson's able assistant, Jack Anderson, who has specialized in military reporting. While the authors certainly have not spared the black shadows, the picture that emerges even when the overwriting is discounted is a frightening one. Others have painted the same picture in colors equally dark. Quite properly, the authors point out that Joseph Alsop has in his column presented impressive documentation of the dangerous "lag" in missile development which in the years just ahead will put the United States in a vulnerable position. Several Senators have again and again returned to the charge of the failure of America's defenses although it is also true that for the most part they have stopped short of proposing the Draconian remedies which the situation obviously requires.

As in the Pearson column, the book's greatest contribution is in those areas where others tread delicately or not at all. The authors develop in considerable detail the relationship

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between politics and big business (particularly in the aircraft industry) that has hindered the development of new weapons. Vested interests—private profit and the next election—stood in the way of the kind of all-out attack that might have brought missiles, rockets, and new fuels quickly into being. A prime target of the aircraft industry, where missile contracts were essential, was the Huntsville, Alabama, project, where government scientists under the direction of Dr. Wernher Von Braun developed the Jupiter, which was America's first satellite to go into orbit. Similarly the authors develop at length the kind of interlocking directorate that has grown up between the big corporations and retired generals and admirals with connections in the Pentagon and the power to swing contracts this way or that.

The impact of the book would have been greater if it had been properly organized and brought to a climax. There is considerable repetition, and the reader often finds himself confused as to time and place. While the tendency is to oversimplify and to put the blame on the bad guys and the not-so-bad guys, the authors now and then bring themselves up short to recall that the tone of American life is one of luxury-loving ease and that it has been all too easy to accept the assurances from the Administration that all is well. Pearson has an unfortunate self-righteousness, which comes out in his telling of his own propaganda exploits, and he cannot drop his vendetta against the late James V. Forrestal, who, whatever his faults, was a victim of the effort to unify the American defense structure.

But the net effect is a powerful indictment and it cannot be refuted by mere denials. Facts and figures are amassed to support the doubt that the United States has been permitted to slip into the position of a second-rate power.

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

1. "Paul Clifford," by Bulwer Lytton. 2. Lily Bart, in "The House of Mirth," by Edith Wharton. 3. "John Halifax, Gentleman," by Dinah Maria Mulock Craik. 4. "The Marriage of William Ashe," by Mrs. Humphry Ward. 5. "Madame Bovary," by Gustave Flaubert. 6. "Daniel Deronda," by George Eliot. 7. "Babbitt," by Sinclair Lewis. 8. Marie de Verneuil, in "Les Chouans," by Honoré de Balzac. 9. Otto Kringelein, in "Grand Hotel," by Vicki Baum. 10. Charles Darnay, in "A Tale of Two Cities," by Charles Dickens. 11. Virginia Carvel, in "The Crisis," by Winston Churchill. 12. "Kate Fennigate," by Booth Tarkington.

THE PAST

Popularizing the Plantagenets

"The Three Edwards," by Thomas B. Costain *(Doubleday. 432 pp. $4.75), harking back to the Middle Ages, is the latest addition to "The Pageant of England" histories by a prolific former editor, whose biographies and novels enjoy an enormous popularity. The several books by critic Geoffrey Bruun include "Europe in Evolution: 1415-1815."*

By Geoffrey Bruun

THIS third volume of "The Pageant of England" covers a little over a century, from 1272 to 1377. Like its predecessors, "The Conquerors" (1949) and "The Magnificent Century" (1951), it is a lively mélange of narrative, anecdote, history, and biography, devoted primarily to the English kings and queens, their characters, adventures, associates, and adversaries.

In his introduction to the first volume Mr. Costain frankly acknowledged that "there is no need for another history of England unless it can be given popular appeal." He regretted to see history so little read today outside the classroom and attributed the neglect of it to "the stern limits which historians have set for themselves."

As a former editor of *Maclean's Magazine, The Saturday Evening Post,* and the Twentieth Century-Fox Film Corporation, Mr. Costain was in a position to judge the type of fare American readers welcome. He was aware that semifictionalized biographies and historical novels still climbed the best-seller lists: the success of "The Moneyman," "The Black Rose," and other Costain favorites gave assurance of this. So why not try to lure readers back to legitimate history by presenting it in a style entertaining enough to compete with fiction? After freeing himself from editorial labors in 1946 he decided to tackle this challenging assignment.

Now that three volumes have appeared it is clear that "The Pageant of England" abounds in the "drama, color, and visual substance" he promised for it. A more entertaining personalized history of England from 1066 to 1377 than these three opening volumes offer would be hard to find. The characterizations are crisp and convincing, the scenes come into swift focus, the customs, food, apparel, and weapons of the time are described with verve and accuracy.

As a prescription for writing popular history Mr. Costain's combination of animated prose, concrete details, and simplified analyses of complex issues is a persuasive formula. The casual reader can follow the pageant without furrowing his brow, and whatever impressions he retains will enlarge his knowledge of the period.

Yet the impression grows, with this third volume, that repetition dilutes the formula. The scenes shift, the characters gesticulate and suffer and age, but the drama itself does not march. An ocean is deeper than its waves and history is more than "the essence of innumerable biographies," Carlyle to the contrary.

Mr. Costain's formula limits him to the bright surface waves. He himself is doubtless aware of the deep impersonal currents that shaped English history between 1066 and 1377, but apparently he fears to emphasize them lest his readers shy away from anything that squints at the abstract and philosophical. In a single volume limited to the span of a lifetime a biographical thread may provide the necessary element of continuity. For a multivolume work that stretches over several centuries some more resolute plan is needed to give it a recognizable structure. This apparently, Mr. Costain is reluctant to provide.

In his commendable endeavor to lure readers back to history he not only chose an exceptionally amorphous period, he chose an age that is alien to our current mood and interests. Plantagenet chronicles—indeed most medieval annals—have lost much of their hold on the popular imagination. As a background for fictional romance the medieval centuries preserve some quaint charm. But as a period of history the Middle Ages have grown remote and hazy. We are without the clues that made them significant to the romantic generations that delighted in Scott's novels and Tennyson's "Idylls of the King." No events that Mr. Costain enlivens with his magic pen can fail to gain some luster from the contact. But the annals of the medieval courts are beginning to seem rather parochial and trivial against the ampler background of world history.

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War by Wire

"The Zimmermann Telegram," by Barbara W. Tuchman *(Viking. 256 pp. $3.95), is an account of espionage and skulduggery during the First World War. Ferdinand Kuhn, a free-lance writer and the author of "The Story of the Secret Service" for Landmark, reports on the book for us.*

By Ferdinand Kuhn

"GOOD Lord! Good Lord!" said President Wilson as he heard the full details. Present-day Americans will echo him as they read this story of one of Germany's silliest blunders in the First World War.

Arthur Zimmermann was the Kaiser's foreign minister at the start of 1917—"a very large jolly sort of German," Ambassador Gerard called him. On January 17, while America was still neutral, while Wilson was polishing his appeal for "peace without victory," this genial fellow sent the wireless message that is his only claim to fame.

He ordered the German minister in Mexico to propose a German-Mexican-Japanese alliance if America entered the war—"and an understanding on our part that Mexico is to reconquer the lost territory in Texas, New Mexico, and Arizona."

The ever-watchful British Naval Intelligence plucked the message out of the air and deciphered it. How? The tale has most of the ingredients of an Eric Ambler spy thriller: a drowned German sailor, for example, clutching a codebook in his arms; Persian tribesmen pilfering a second codebook from a German agent's baggage; and much more. And so, by early 1917, the British were busily reading every German diplomatic message.

They held Zimmermann's more than a month until it would hit American public opinion with the loudest possible bang. Then, on February 23, they sent it to the astounded President.

To bring this story back to life, Mrs. Tuchman interviewed British intelligence experts, waded through original German records, and combed some 150 volumes of personal reminiscences. If she has not come up with much new material, she has at least pulled the whole episode together for the first time.

Her narrative gallops along whenever it deals with Zimmermann and his message. But it bogs down in the muddy history of the Mexican revolution and civil war, much of which is

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not relevant to her story. And she oversteps the bounds of scholarship when she deals with American touchiness about Japan in those years.

Was it really true, as she says, that "the Yellow Peril became as popular as the Turkey Trot" during the Taft Administration? When President Taft ordered 20,000 troops to the Mexican border, and said they were on maneuvers, did "everyone else" really say it meant war with Japan? Or, in these judgments, has Mrs. Tuchman been confusing the Hearst press with American public opinion?

She calls the Zimmermann affair "the last drop that emptied Wilson's cup of neutrality"—a debatable statement, perhaps, since he did not finally make up his mind until after the Germans had sunk three American ships in mid-March.

Toward the end the author regains her scholar's balance in assessing the impact of the message on the American people. It stunned the pro-Germans, the pacifists, the waverers, and "awoke that part of the country that had been undecided or indifferent before." For this reason, the blundering telegram was important in history, and for this reason the story is worth telling.

"Aboard a landing ship taking [Liebling] into France, his thoughts go back to some magnificent moments in a restaurant in nearby Port-en-Bessin many years before."

—From "Normandy Revisited."

BYWAYS

Gourmet in De Gaulle Land

"Normandy Revisited," by A. J. Liebling *(Simon & Schuster. 243 pp. $3.95), is a nostalgic reminiscence of days passed and victuals consumed in France during the last war.*

By Horace Sutton

NOBODY ever went to war with a bigger appetite than A. J. Liebling, who has been on the staff of *The New Yorker* since 1935, as a war correspondent, as a critic of the American and foreign press, and as a sometime wandering critic at large.

His memoir is based on the war days beginning with the departure of the attack force from Britain and ending with the liberation of Paris by the Deuxième Division Blindée, better known as the French 2nd Armored. To stir the memories of those bittersweet days, Liebling hires a White Russian chauffeur named Michel, whose French, after half a lifetime in Gaul, is fitful and unsure. Together they roam through the old places with the familiar names—Omaha Beach, Bayeux, St. Lô—raking over the old times and looking up the old friends. Sometimes the flashbacks lead to other flashbacks of earlier voyages through Normandy taken nearly twenty years before the invasion.

For Liebling, who in 1958 can conjure up a reminiscent burp over a filet of sole *Normande* eaten in 1926, the best of times is "a dozen oysters followed by a pair of thrushes roasted in juniper berries." Aboard a landing ship taking him into France, his thoughts go back to some magnificent moments in a restaurant in nearby Port-en-Bessin many years before. And once, with Bob Casey and Hal Boyle, he delays an excursion into battle long enough to stop by for a *tournedos Choron.*

For me, the best of the book was the final section recounting his days with the Daydaybay, a French shortening for the French 2nd Armored, with which he was fortunate enough to ride into Paris during those epochal days of the liberation. They have been often recalled, but never better than here. As for the rest, it will be especially appreciated by those Normandy invaders to whom the land was more than mud and hedgerows, by dedicated Francophiles, and those who, like Liebling, can manufacture a memorable afternoon using nothing more than a dozen oysters, a spider crab with a half pint of mayonnaise on the side, a dish of *tripes à la mode de Caen,* a partridge poached in cream and cider and "singed in old Calvados," a *gigot,* a pair of beefsteaks, and a good Pont l'Evêque.

NEW ENGLAND COFFERS: Of all the book titles that tend to undersell their contents, there are probably no more persistent offenders than those beginning "A Guide to. . . ." Add to this a reference to museums and New England, and the first-impression browser will undoubtedly begin to tap his fingertips together and look vacantly in the other direction.

But both the treasure hunter and the traveler will find **"A Guide to the Art Museums of New England"** (Harcourt, Brace, $5) a most welcome book for the way it applies both critical intelligence and a lively style to a very rich subject. Its author, S. Lane Faison, Jr., who is chairman of the Art Department at Williams College, remarks that at the outset he had little idea to what extent the nation's artistic wealth is concentrated in this small geographical area. Indeed, within the scope of his book there fall more than sixty museums, historical societies, and collections, and even if the Museum of Fine Arts in Boston were excluded, the whole range of world art, from prehistoric times to the present, would be abundantly represented in New England.

Mr. Faison has had to make many judgments in writing his guide, not the least of them choosing from collections in six states, from the Wadsworth Athenaeum in Hartford to the Museum of Art in Ogunquit, Maine. His discussions of 405 specific works, each illustrated on the page where it is described, are fresh and illuminating. The book also has the virtue of simplicity in plan and execution. The collections are presented alphabetically by state, and accompanying each there is a road map detail, information on the history of the museum, and visiting hours. —JEANETTE WAKIN.

MOSQUITOES & MEDICINE: A rather grim book, but a helpful one to world travelers, is **"The World Traveler's Medical Guide"** (Simon & Schuster, $1.95). The

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authors, Dr. and Mrs. Richard T. Atkins, are not, as far as we can discover, travelers themselves, but they have corresponded with more than 3,000 persons all over the globe to gather information on snakes, Undulant Fever, "night soil," dysentery (two kinds), Leichmaniasis (three kinds), unboiled milk, Ancylotomiasis, and the Black Death. In other words, all those afflictions which lurk just around the pylons and port bars for the unlucky tourist. This is not a book to be read just before undertaking a journey, or you may never go. It is, however, a valuable little volume to have along, and my suggestion is to have it sealed in plain brown paper, and thereafter kept with you to help make friends abroad.

As a person who was once bitten by a mosquito on the upper reaches of the Nile, I can recommend the book highly. One can spend a great deal of time worrying where that mosquito has been the night before, and here is a book that can tell you. Not only will it list the symptoms to watch for, the diagnosis, medication, and control, but there is a handy little section to indicate what countries you should have avoided. Each country is treated (no pun intended) alphabetically, with major cities included, its geographical and climatic characteristics noted. There is information on immunization, drinking water, and, should the traveler need a doctor or even a hospital, where he can find them. Common emergencies and treatment round up the book, and added is a useful glossary, in four languages, of how to complain ("I have a kidney stone," "I feel bloated after eating," "I am very nervous"). —J. W.

PEREGRINE SWEDE: The steaming, tangled jungles of Central America are just about as far from home as a Scandinavian can go. Hakon Morne, the Swedish author of **"Caribbean Symphony"** (Roy, $4.75), has recaptured the story of a dramatic and difficult trip for those who like adventurous places without getting too near to the physical perils they hold. His book—the account of his journey, mostly on foot, through little-known parts of Central America (the title is both unfortunate and misleading)—is exciting, and rewarding to read.

Mr. Morne sailed from Helsingfors on a small, decrepit oil tanker bound for Caripito, a point on a chart at the head of a Venezuelan jungle river where tankers take on their cargo from huge pipes and never have any reason at all for touching land. The crew, haunted by fear of fire from the spark of a shoe nail or a cigarette, lived under relentless tension and anxiety, what the author calls "tanker-psychosis." In Caripito the author began his hazardous and impecunious journey. Across the Gulf of Panama, where he traveled by trading launch, he started his incredible walk the length of Costa Rica, Nicaragua, and then across the Great Lake and the Mosquito Coast. An extraordinary variety of people, local settlers, and natives, most of them living in abject misery, made up the progression of companions and those who sheltered him. The personal magnetism of the author, which comes clearly through the pages of the book, won him many friends and brought him into close contact with the people and the countryside.

Mr. Morne, who was recently awarded the most important literary prize in Sweden, writes in an intelligent and perceptive manner. Thirty photographs by the author illustrate the book. —J. W.

Criminal Record

KILLER AMONG US. *By Robert Martin. Dodd, Mead.* $2.95. Jim Bennett, Cleveland eye (no trench coat), journeys down state to learn why grinding wheels blow up and scatter death; suceeds. Author's usual solid and competent job, with novel and interesting setting.

YOU'VE GOT HIM COLD. *By Thomas B. Dewey. Simon & Schuster.* $2.95. Mac, Chicago private eye (no other name supplied), befriends female waif through thick and thin as five corpses pile up; many hot dogs consumed; cops run gamut from sociable to real mean. Usual sharp job.

THE NIGHT THE FOG CAME DOWN. *By John Bude. Washburn.* $2.95. Octogenarian widow vanishes; suburban London cops find trail crossed by murder of suspect; interlocking cases finally combine to produce lively solution. Plus mark.

SERVANT'S PROBLEM. *By Veronica Parker Johns. Crime Club.* $2.95. Webster Flagg, New York Negro property owner, ex-actor, gardener, looks into queer shenanigans in house where he plays handyman, cook, butler, in order to find answers; his friend Lt. Casey is helpful; rival gangsters present. Gay, amusing. —SERGEANT CUFF.

Literary Horizons

Continued from page 13

"If I had to do it over again, I wouldn't have no child! I'd tear it out of my womb! . . . Gawd, take Your sun out of the sky! Take Your stars away! I don't want Your trees, Your flowers no more! I don't want Your wind to blow on me when my son can die like this." And here, in the last sentence of the book, is another sort of fault, an example of what happens when the prose becomes pretentious: "He peered out of the window and saw vast, wheeling populations of ruled stars swarming in the convened congresses of the skies anchored amidst nations of space and he prayed wordlessly that a bright, bursting tyrant of living sun would soon lay down its golden laws to loosen the locked legions of his heart and cast the shadow of his dream athwart the stretches of time."

Yet it is impossible to deny that this novel, like its predecessors, has power. However one may criticize details, one cannot doubt that in a fundamental way Wright is telling the truth about the situation of the American Negro, and the truth cannot fail to shock us. There is nothing here that we haven't known, but we are compelled to come to terms with what we should like to forget.

When Wright gives us Fish's dreams, as he frequently does, he is not particularly impressive, but he does manage to communicate Fish's sense that his whole life is a nightmare. Wright has always felt that one of the peculiar evils of the Negro's situation is an almost inevitable confusion of values. Bitterly as he rejects the white man's world, Fish can never get rid of a suspicion that the white man may be right. He is not merely alienated from the culture in which he has been born; he is alienated from reality. He can escape, and, like Wright, he can become "relatively free from fear and pressure," but he justly wonders whether he can find himself.

This alienation is what Wright has from the first been able to render. He is not basically a realist, although he probably thinks that he is; he is a man who uses, and perhaps is used by, certain powerful symbols. I am not sure that he always knows what he is doing; at any rate, as I have said, he periodically loses control of his material. For this reason it is not surprising that there are few signs of development in his work, but if he has not grown, he has never lost his ability to touch both the emotions and the consciences of his readers.

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Noah Webster

Continued from page 12

a people made up of so many and such diverse elements? The question might seem more pertinent to the twentieth than to the early nineteenth century; that it is not, is because Webster and his colleagues not only asked it but answered it over a century ago.

The peoples of Old World nations had, indeed, their own language, but their language was neither common nor uniform. Everywhere on the Continent the upperclasses spoke French, and disdained the vernacular. Each region had its own dialect and each class its own idiom. So pronounced were the local dialects that Frenchmen from Brittany and the Languedoc could not understand each other, or Germans from the Rhineland and Saxony, or Danes from Copenhagen and Jutland, or, for that matter, Englishmen from East Anglia and Devonshire. And if, almost everywhere, speech proclaimed region, it betrayed class, and continued to do so down into our own century; just a few years ago George Orwell could say that every Englishman was branded on the tongue at birth. In the Old World these linguistic vagaries were not seriously divisive (not yet, anyhow) because the classes who confessed them had little influence and because there were so many other forces—religion, for example, or history, or the Monarchy—binding men together.

But if nationalism was to work in the United States—and in 1800 that was still very much an open question—it would have to get along without the Monarchy, the Church, the Military, and the many other institutions that provided common denominators abroad, and work with more democratic ingredients and build on more popular support. It would have to frustrate those class and religious and racial divisions which were potentially so dangerous; it would have to overcome differences not merely of accent but of language itself. The United States, dedicated to the unprecedented experiment of republicanism in a vast territory, a heterogeneous population, and a classless society, could not afford differences of accent or of language.

A great many Americans of the eighteenth century saw this, but none more clearly than Webster. He labored not only for a common language, but for an *American* language. Like Franklin and Jefferson he rejected the authority of the hated Dr. Johnson, and of Dr. Robert Lowth as well; indeed, he rejected all English authority that seemed to conflict with common sense or common usage. He knew that language was a living thing, and was confident that Americans had the same capacity to enlarge it and adapt it as the English, and that their contribution was not only respectable but desirable. "New circumstances," he said, "new modes of life, new laws, new ideas of various kinds" would bring about "considerable differences between the American and the English language." Those differences would be, for the most part, improvements, for "the English language has been greatly improved in Britain within a century, but its highest perfection with every other branch of human knowledge is perhaps reserved for the land of light and freedom." With what was in his day considerable boldness Webster admitted to his spellers and readers, and eventually to his dictionaries, words regarded in the Mother Country as obsolete or as barbarisms. He accepted new grammatical constructions. He adopted a simplified spelling—much more simplified, indeed, than public opinion would stand, then or later. And he defined words in American rather than in English terms; this was one of his most significant contributions. In all of this he found authority in popular usage.

FOR how was the uniformity of the American language to be achieved? Could it be imposed from above? So John Adams thought, and he had early recommended the creation of an American Academy which should fix the standards of good usage. Webster himself was instrumental in establishing a Philological Society whose chief function seems to have been to endorse his own books; certainly it did nothing else memorable. The Academy was never born; the Society withered and died; but they were not necessary. Webster's books did their work. He found his authority in part in what he thought the less corrupt usage of Elizabethan England, but more clearly in popular (mostly New England) usage. "The *general practice* of a nation is the rule of propriety," he wrote, "and this practice should at least be consulted in so important a matter, as that of making laws for speaking." It was the "general practice" that he tried to incorporate in his spellers, grammars, readers, and dictionaries, but these, in turn, became authorities. They were, however, authorities with a difference—authorities that (like our governments) drew their power from below, and that were embraced, spontaneously, by the people themselves. Webster was therefore not only a standard and a symbol, but a spontaneous standard and a popular symbol. When, in 1830, he went to Washington to push through a new (and more profitable) copyright law, he was welcomed with reverence by Congressmen, almost all of whom had been brought up on his books.

A nation needs not only a common language; it needs, even more, a common past, and a sense of that past. Every European statemaker of modern times has recognized this. Thus, Bishop Grundtvig in Denmark devoted his volcanic energies to the editing of ancient Danish ballads, the writing of national histories and national songs, the resurrection of the national past. Thus, in Germany Schlegel and Stein and Savigny and the brothers Grimm recreated the German past in order to create a German future. Thus, in his struggle for the unification of Italy Mazzini was always conscious that "the most important inspiration for nationalism is the awareness of past glories and past sufferings." The philosophers and historians of nationalism, too, recognized the primacy of tradition. Thus, Ernst Renan emphasized for France "the common memories, glories, afflictions, and regrets"; thus, in England John Stuart Mill concluded that the most important single ingredient in nationalism was "the possession of a national history and community of recollections." And our contemporary, Sir Ernest Barker, has put the matter succinctly: "A nation is not the physical fact of one blood but the mental fact of one tradition."

All true enough, but what was the new United States to do? How does a

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT NO. 799

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 799 will be found in the next issue.

DPH WAJ DPHL NU

OL DVU GJN DVU

DPHL BXWD TGL QUK

UJH OL UJH.

—KXNLGKN SATYAJZ.

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 798

Secrets are things we give to others to keep for us.

—ELBERT HUBBARD.

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country without a past—without in any event, a common past—provide itself with a usable past, or with a substitute for it? How does a country without history, traditions, legends, or symbols create them? And how does it find substitutes for those institutions and symbols which customarily served to unify Old World peoples: the Monarchy, the Aristocracy, the Church, the Army, the University, and others?

YET all the American past lacked was antiquity, and antiquity, like tradition, could be manufactured. Americans were perhaps the first people to prove what so many of the newer peoples of the twentieth century are now proving, that the past can be telescoped, and the processes of tradition-making and symbol-making enormously accelerated. Undaunted by their youth, Americans set about resolutely to create what was missing; with immense energy they provided themselves with a common history, a common memory, a set of symbols and of legends. Almost everyone joined in this enterprise: statesmen, soldiers, poets, historians, journalists, explorers, artists, scholars, and teachers.

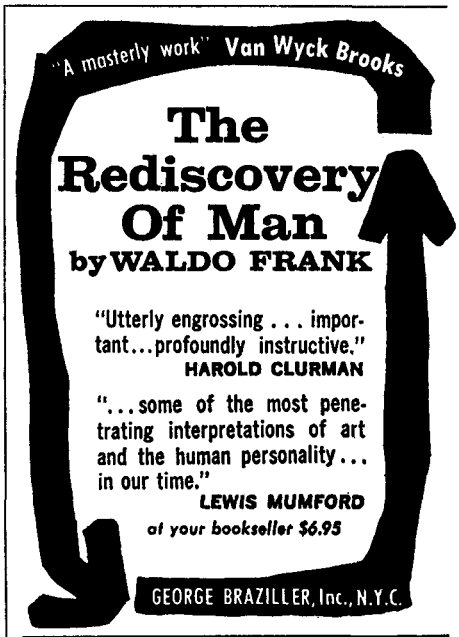
Webster, it will be noted, fitted into most of these categories, but particularly the last one. It was characteristic—it was almost prophetic—that in America the teacher should play a larger role in the creation of nationalism than almost anywhere else: this because the United States was the first nation to inaugurate anything remotely like universal free education. In other countries governments deliberately used the schools to indoctrinate the young with particular versions of nationalism and patriotism. In the United States, government never performed this dangerous role, but private individuals did, for the most part quite innocently. Noah Webster was perhaps the first to realize the limitless potentialities of education for the encouragement of nationalism, and of the schoolbook as the vehicle. He purposed, from the beginning, to use the schools as engines of nationalism. That purpose he carried out most fully in his Readers, and, eventually, in a bewildering miscellany of histories of one kind or another: the historical introduction he provided to Jedediah Morse's immensely popular Geography; the "Elements of Useful Knowledge"—one volume devoted to American history; the "Federal Catechism" attached to his "Little Reader's Assistant," and others.

Webster was first in the field with moral and patriotic readers, and set the style for subsequent ventures, notably those of the McGuffey brothers. His Reader (elaborately called An American Selection of Lessons in Reading and Speaking: Calculated to Improve the minds and refine the taste of Youth) was Part III of the Grammatical Institute, but came to have an independent life of its own. From the beginning its purpose was patriotic as well as educational—in Webster's mind these things were never separate. On the title-page Webster placed the absurd admonition by Mirabeau: "Begin with the infant in his cradle; let the first word he lisps be Washington." Later Webster was to rephrase this pious injunction with more elaborate humorlessness: "Every child in America should be acquainted with his own country. As soon as he opens his lips he should rehearse the history of his own country, he should lisp the praise of liberty, and of those illustrious heroes and statesmen who have wrought a revolution in her favor." The Reader included addresses by Warren and Hancock on the Boston massacre; the Declaration of Independence; Washington's Farewell to his army and his Circular Letter to the States; poems from the practised hands of Barlow, Trumbull, and Freneau; and an extract—later withdrawn—from Tom Paine. The *filiopietistic* purpose was clear, but Webster drove it home: "In the choice of these pieces, I have not been inattentive to the political interests of America. Several of these masterly addresses of Congress . . . contain such *noble, just, and independent sentiments* that I cannot help wishing to transfuse them into the breasts of the rising generation."

Even the Dictionary was exploited for patriotic purposes. It was an *American* dictionary, and its American character was less ostentatious in spelling and grammar and vocabulary than in definitions and illustrations. "The chief glory of a nation," wrote Webster, "is its authors," and it was "with pride and satisfaction" that he cited Washington and Franklin, Adams and Kent, Barlow and Irving, along with Bacon and Milton, Addison and Pope. "I may go further," he boasted somewhat indiscriminately, "and affirm that our country has produced some of the best models of composition . . . President Smith (of Princeton); the authors of the Federalist; Chancellor Kent; the prose of Mr. Barlow, of Dr. William Channing, of Washington Irving . . . in purity, in elegance, and in technical precision, is equalled only by that of the best British authors, and surpassed by that of no English compositions of a similar kind."

Webster's patriotism, to be sure, was ardent but particular. In the beginning broad and generous, embracing the whole of the Union, and all classes of society, it grew increasingly narrow and sectional and ungenerous. He had begun as a disciple of Franklin, an admirer of Jefferson; he ended as an honorary member of the Essex Junto and a crony to the despicable Timothy Pickering. He had begun as a champion of nationalism, republicanism, and democracy; the French Revolution persuaded him to abjure democracy; Jefferson inspired doubts about republicanism; and the Hartford Convention was—for a time at least—the measure of his political nationalism. However, if he never became reconciled to democracy, he did become reconciled to the new form nationalism assumed after 1812.

But we must not expect consistency, or demand it. Webster was, for all his devotion to learning, a creature not of reason but of sentiment. "The eyes of the world are upon me," he wrote hopefully in 1788. We no longer see him, but we speak him and hear him. Surely that is an immortality even beyond his imagining.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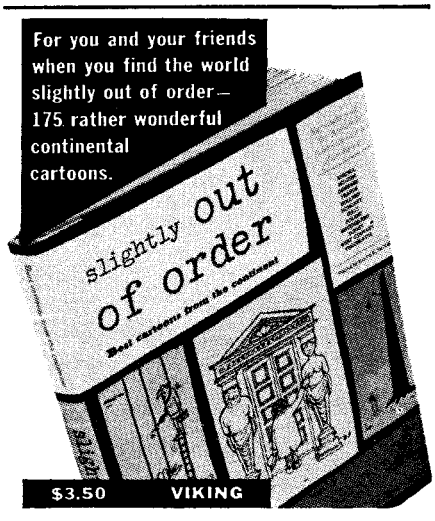
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KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 1282

Reg. U.S. Patent Office

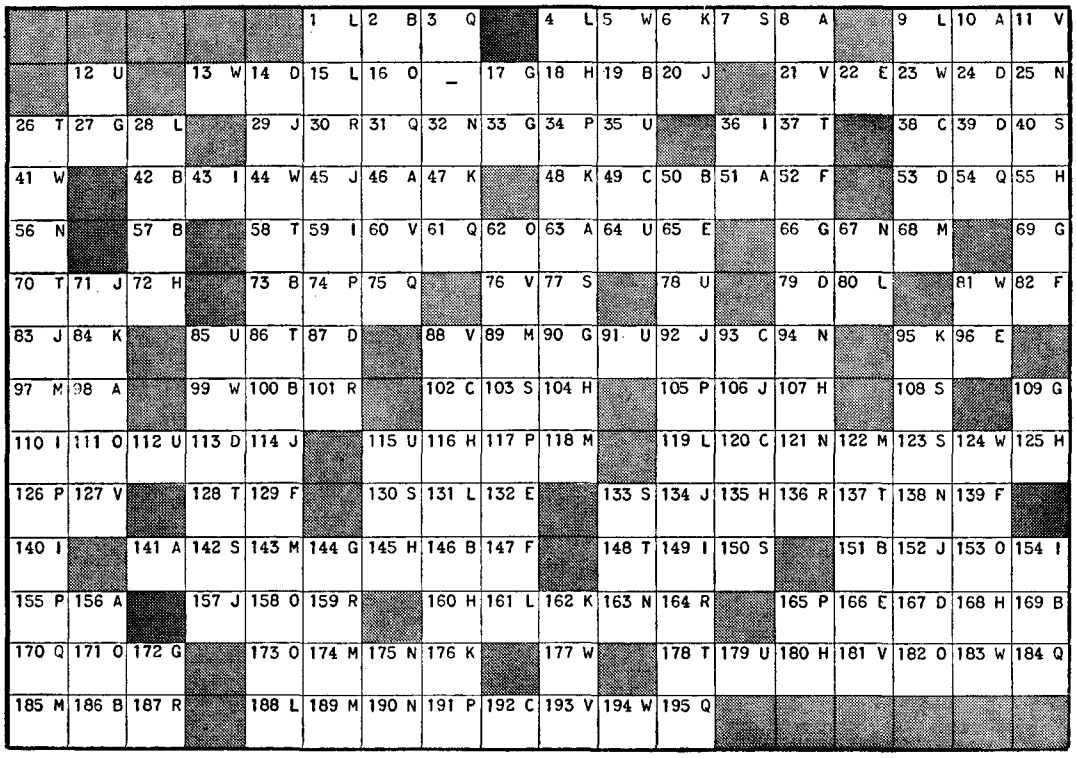
By Doris Nash Wortman

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. Locale of the famous "Strutters' Ball."	141 46 156 8 98 10 51 63
B. Simultaneous attraction toward and repulsion from a person, object, or action.	57 169 151 146 42 50 100 2 186 73 19
C. Devotee; enthusiast.	93 120 102 192 49 38
D. Detached; solitary.	14 53 39 167 79 87 113 24
E. Family physician who became world famous on May 28, 1934.	65 22 96 166 132
F. Athenian lawgiver, 6th cent. B.C.	139 129 52 82 147
G. *Obstructed* (2 wds.).	172 27 66 109 69 17 144 33 90
H. A particular peculiar to a profession, trade, sect, etc.	104 168 135 116 160 125 55 145 72 180 107 18
I. Botanical term for aggregate fruit.	59 154 149 43 110 140 36
J. Dread; worthy of respect.	114 152 20 92 106 45 157 134 29 71 83
K. Colored "rings" deposited on metal by electrolysis, named for the physicist who described them, 1826.	176 95 48 162 47 6 84
L. Condition of having smooth, wavy, or curly hair.	119 1 80 161 4 15 28 188 131 9

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
M. Toward the middle of a vessel, building, enclosure, etc.	189 122 97 68 143 174 185 89 118
N. Church festival celebrated Sept. 29th.	190 25 138 56 32 94 67 121 175 163
O. Philatelist's thin, small transparent envelope for protecting a stamp.	182 62 171 158 111 173 153 16
P. Relevant; highly appropriate.	74 165 191 126 34 117 105 155
Q. Impart information or skill.	170 195 61 3 184 54 31 75
R. Word of Shakespeare's time for slimy, ichorous.	187 101 159 30 136 164
S. Promoting growth and repairing natural waste.	7 103 130 150 108 133 142 123 40 77
T. Fleet.	58 178 137 148 128 37 70 86 26
U. Afoot; in process of preparation (3 wds. not in Webster as a phrase, but in wide use).	12 85 115 179 64 112 78 91 35
V. King's daughter who found shipwrecked Ulysses on the shore and took him home *to the court.*	127 88 11 181 193 21 60 76
W. The relative who owned the clock that ran ninety years without stopping.	194 44 177 23 81 13 99 124 5 183 41

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning. . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line . . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop. Authority for spellings and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary, Second Edition.



Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 9 of this issue.

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